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BORN NOVEMBER 10, 1832

DIED AUGUST 10, 1900

THE LATE LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

DRAWN FROM LIFE IN COURT BY PAUL RENOARD

Topics of the Week

The Prospects of Peace

To make war is the easiest thing in the world ; to restore peace is not so easy. It is to be feared that we are about to be afforded an illustration of this truism in the Far East. China is suing for peace, and the question which now confronts the Powers is how to draft proposals which will satisfy all of them. It is possible that none have formed ambitions or expectations of which the others will disapprove though there are not a few indications to the contrary. It is certain, for example, that the United States and Great Britain will be satisfied with an equitable reparation for the violence done to their diplomatic representatives, a fair compensation for the losses inflicted on their nationals, and a guarantee, in the form of a strong Government, that the recent outrages will not be repeated. Whether these moderate views are shared by Russia, Germany and France is very doubtful. Russia is pouring troops into China on a scale which is out of all proportion to the ends for which the Powers are supposed to be striving, and it is not likely that she is doing this without having previously taken Germany and France into her confidence. If, then, she has some ulterior motives they must be concerned with territorial acquisition, and they doubtless provide for suitable compensations to her Allies. This would at once break up the Concert, and it is not at all improbable that the disclosure of the designs of this Triple Alliance, so far from promoting peace, would be the signal for fresh complications. But let us suppose that no territorial designs are harboured by any of the Powers, and that there is a substantial agreement on the three points favoured by Great Britain and the United States. Would that bring the prospect of a settlement nearer to us? It is to be feared that it would not. Even if all the Powers agree on the form of reparation to be demanded, it is almost certain that the questions of indemnities and of the establishment of a strong Chinese Government will lead to serious differences of opinion. The indemnities will amount to millions of pounds sterling, and it will not be possible for China to pay this sum without a revolution of her fiscal system which may seriously imperil British commercial interests, and which may necessitate a foreign control which will strike at the very root of that independence of China that we are anxious to preserve. Not less difficult is the problem of providing China with a strong Government. Great Britain would like to see the Dowager Empress and the Manchu clansmen deprived of all power, and the young Emperor restored with a free hand to carry out his policy of reforms. It is almost certain that Russia would not agree to this, partly because she counts on attaching the Manchu interest to herself, and partly because she has no desire to see China strengthened by means analogous to those which have made Japan a great Power. These are some of the difficulties which the Chinese peace overtures bring into the foreground. They are formidable enough to daunt the most courageous statescraft and to arouse the deepest anxiety.

A Good Impression

WHATEVER fate the future may reserve for the new King of Italy, there is no room for two opinions as to the success of his first appearance upon the scene to which he has been called in peculiarly dark and difficult circumstances. His address to the Senators and Deputies when taking the Constitutional oath was couched in virile and vigorous language which has excited the enthusiasm of the entire Italian nation. That portion of it in which the young King proclaimed his faith in himself as the representative of the governing mission of the Crown has stirred the national feeling all the more, because it was scarcely expected from one whose character had previously given promise of amiability rather than of strength. But the King of modern Italy should, as experience has sufficiently shown, be prepared to rule as well as to reign. If Victor Emmanuel III. is the man to do that he will find work enough to his hand. Italy suffers from a complication of disorders, but there is one which is sapping the very foundations of her national life, and which does more than anything else to produce the chronic discontent which finds expression in the acts of the Anarchists. That is the grievous inequality of the heavy taxation to which the

nation is subjected. Italian politicians have adroitly contrived to throw the heaviest burden upon the poorest class of a poor country, the struggling peasantry, and to let the wealthier classes go scot-free. If the King can effect a readjustment of the burden of taxation, and, at the same time, any material alleviation of its weight, he will have gone far to fulfil the promise of the good impression he has created.

The Trials of the Counter

A MEETING of shop-assistants, warehousemen, and clerks, which was held in Hyde Park on Sunday last, passed strong resolutions on the subject of various causes of complaint which they undoubtedly have against some of the conditions under which they live. Shop-assistants, male and female, have, no doubt, participated in the general movement in favour of shorter hours by which the whole working-world has profited of late years. Their forefathers of a generation or two ago would have rubbed their eyes in astonishment at modern developments in the way of early closing and frequent holidays. All that is to the good. In many cases, however, hours are still grievously long, pay is certainly not high, and, especially in certain trades, they are subjected to conditions, such as the compulsory "living in" system and arbitrary fines, which afford them legitimate ground for complaint. The meeting was strongly in favour of the principle of the "Shops Bill," a piece of legislation which would carry local option to the extent of permitting a majority of tradesmen of a given trade to compel all shops of that kind to close at a given hour. We are inclined to think that such compulsion would often inflict hardship upon the unwilling minority, especially upon those tradesmen who supply working-class customers. The "living in" system, however, is one in which there is absolutely no good, except from the point of view of the employer, who finds it to his own advantage. Men and women want a change from the scene of their work, and that, when trade is brisk, the "living in" system never allows them.

Our Trade with China

SEVERE as was the blow inflicted on British commerce when the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa shattered that market, it is much to be feared that far heavier loss will be inflicted by the problem which seems to grow rather than diminish in China. Already the usual demand for British goods has fallen off largely, the native merchants feeling too uncertain about the future to hold big stocks. Nor do they care to trade with the interior at a time when brigandage and piracy are likely to be rife. Odd to say, India profits, in one respect, from this state of things. Consignments of Chinese tea to Europe having steadily shrunk, that market has to fall back upon the Indian and Ceylon varieties to bring supply into equilibrium with demand. But quite as much as our great Asiatic dependency gains in that way will be lost by the dwindling of Chinese absorption of Bombay cottons. It is in that particular branch of our export business that we are most likely to take serious harm. The staple industry of densely peopled Lancashire is mainly dependent on China for prosperity; were that grand market to cease purchasing cotton fabrics, this country would very quickly be confronted by the same terrible state of things as when the American Civil War deprived the County Palatine of the raw material for its wares. It may be said that the interruption of Chinese trade will only endure for a comparatively short period, and that the loss will be eventually recovered, with handsome interest, when the Middle Kingdom emerges from its baptism of fire and starts afresh on better lines. But our merchants would greatly prefer the bird in the hand to the couple in the bush; the latter two often come too late to stave off ruin, as a good many Natal traders have lately found to their cost.

Native Indian Cooks

IT having been discovered that the uncleanness of native cooks is largely answerable for the ravages of enteric among British troops in India, the fiat has gone forth that, from the beginning of next year, Tommy shall prepare his own meals. He will not approve this change; for not only is the cook boy a bit of an artist in his way, but the British soldier has been too long accustomed to be supplied with tasty food without any trouble to himself to take kindly to a reform which will thrust that labour on his own hands. Mr. Atkins makes so light of hygienic considerations in all the affairs of life that he would very much prefer to risk enteric at every meal rather than play the part of cook himself. Besides, friendly relations generally subsist between the sable *chefs* and those lordly whites to whose wants they administer, and this *camaraderie* will accentuate the soldier's antagonism to an innovation which must disendow his useful chum. A much more reasonable objection of which we shall probably hear a good deal hereafter, is that during the hot season barrack cook-rooms are too super-heated to admit of Europeans working there without serious injury to health. It would be exposing the men to grave risk to compel them to work in a temperature of from 105 deg. to 110 deg. We should like, too, to see the evidence on which the native cooks are found guilty of disseminating enteric by their uncleanly habits; there is a distinct possibility that it is the foul water they sometimes use which really contains the deadly germs.

Lord Russell of Killowen

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.

A GREAT Tower of Strength has fallen. A strong man has more been undermined. The administration of justice through the land, in Assize-town and ancient court-house, no less than the capital, has lost the most striking figure engaged in its work. The Lord Chief Justice of England lies dead. The ship of the Common Law is a great place, and when held by great man holds its front rank in the popular mind and imagination. Whenever it became known that Lord Russell of Killowen was presiding over an Assize, a gaol delivery (to use a fine old expression of much that has made England what it is), not a man in the district, not a farmer in the neighbourhood, not a tradesman in the town, but left, or dearly wished to leave, his work so that he might push his way into the Court and see with his own eyes the greatest advocate of the time, who had become, to the surprise of many, a great judge. Even juries were reconciled to their duty when they learnt from the newspapers that their deliberations were to be directed by the man they had all heard of as Charles Russell. And who had not heard of him? Throughout the North of England his name was as well known as ever had been those of Brough and Scarlett; whilst the newspapers, by their lengthened reports of famous or notorious trials, had carried not only the name, but some account of the characteristics of the late Lord Chief Justice into every hamlet in the Three Kingdoms. Go where you might you always met people who were well pleased to talk to you about Charles Russell.

To see him was not to be disappointed. He had a great countenance, a piercing glance and a most convincing manner. Eminent persons who have none of these things may attract to the light of them, but the English people, and in this respect they resemble their great Queen, love to look upon a man, and are the better pleased when they see the duties of a great office discharged in the grand style. Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning and Lord Russell of Killowen, each in his own very different way, did much to make the places they filled splendid in the public eye.

Charles Russell was, I expect, a strenuous person from the very beginning. He came from the North of Ireland, and had his full share of the roughness and crudity belonging to that locality. In his early days he had his own way to make, and he made it fiercely enough. He had difficulties to overcome, and many of them that in later life seemed his by birth were painfully acquired. He was one of those natures that are fundamentally improved by prosperity. It is evidence of a generous soil. Prosperity did not make Russell arrogant, harsh in his judgments, severe in his criticisms, unfriendly in his disposition. Such arrogance as he had was natural to him; his hastiness was a matter of temperament. The better he got on the better he became, the less arrogant, the more considerate of the feelings of others, the more anxious to do all he honestly could for his friends.

When I first saw him he was a junior counsel in great practice, particularly in Liverpool, where I then lived. The number of Liverpool solicitors who all gave Russell his first briefs, or was—for many of these worthies are no more—quite phenomenal; and many, too, were the tales these attorneys would tell after dinner of the boundless energy, restlessness, and success of their most-briefed if not their favourite counsel.

When Russell took silk he at once stepped into a great business on circuit, which he retained till he wanted it no more. The Liverpool solicitors occasionally resented Russell's imperious manners, and once they all (or nearly all) plucked up courage to teach this great Irishman a lesson in humility. They determined to boycott him for one Assize. He was to come to Liverpool and find nothing for him to do. It was a great plot, and would certainly have led to a great explosion. But one leading firm, with important briefs to distribute, held aloof; their refusal to join the conspiracy destroyed it. Russell came to Liverpool and got all the briefs as usual. I do not know that he even so much as ever heard of the plot.

Lord Russell lived to the full the life of a great advocate at the English Bar. He tasted of its every triumph, and experienced some of its bitterest and disappointments. To hear him open a great case was in itself a forensic education. His methods were simple and straightforward. Though devoted to facts, and a master in their statement, he had one of those clear, strong intelligences which always use facts for the purpose of making plain some very definite conclusion. He drove his facts along the high road of his argument, which invariably led right up to the verdict he wanted. The thing he most hated was a fog.

On the Bench his career was all too short. By common consent he belonged to the rare order of great judges. The only State trial over which he presided, the one connected with the Raid upon the Transvaal, bears the impress of his vigorous mind from beginning to end. Only too plainly some think.

In private life Lord Russell had the charm that belongs to simplicity and good faith. You could not but be interested in him. He was not a great talker and had no humour, but he was a great man in his own way and you felt it. He could tell a story if it had a deep human interest as well as anybody. I have heard him tell two or three which I can never forget. He loved every kind of sport, and if it were only croquet, with a little girl of twelve as an opponent, he was bent on winning. A game of chess with him in the smoking-room of the House of Commons remains in my memory as one of the most exhausting of my Parliamentary experiences.

He had, as Lord Chief Justice, during this century some distinguished predecessors. Certainly no one of them, not even Ellenborough, was greater than he.

It never does to despair of the Republic, but in these days of little men and pale personalities it is difficult to see who is fit to take his place.

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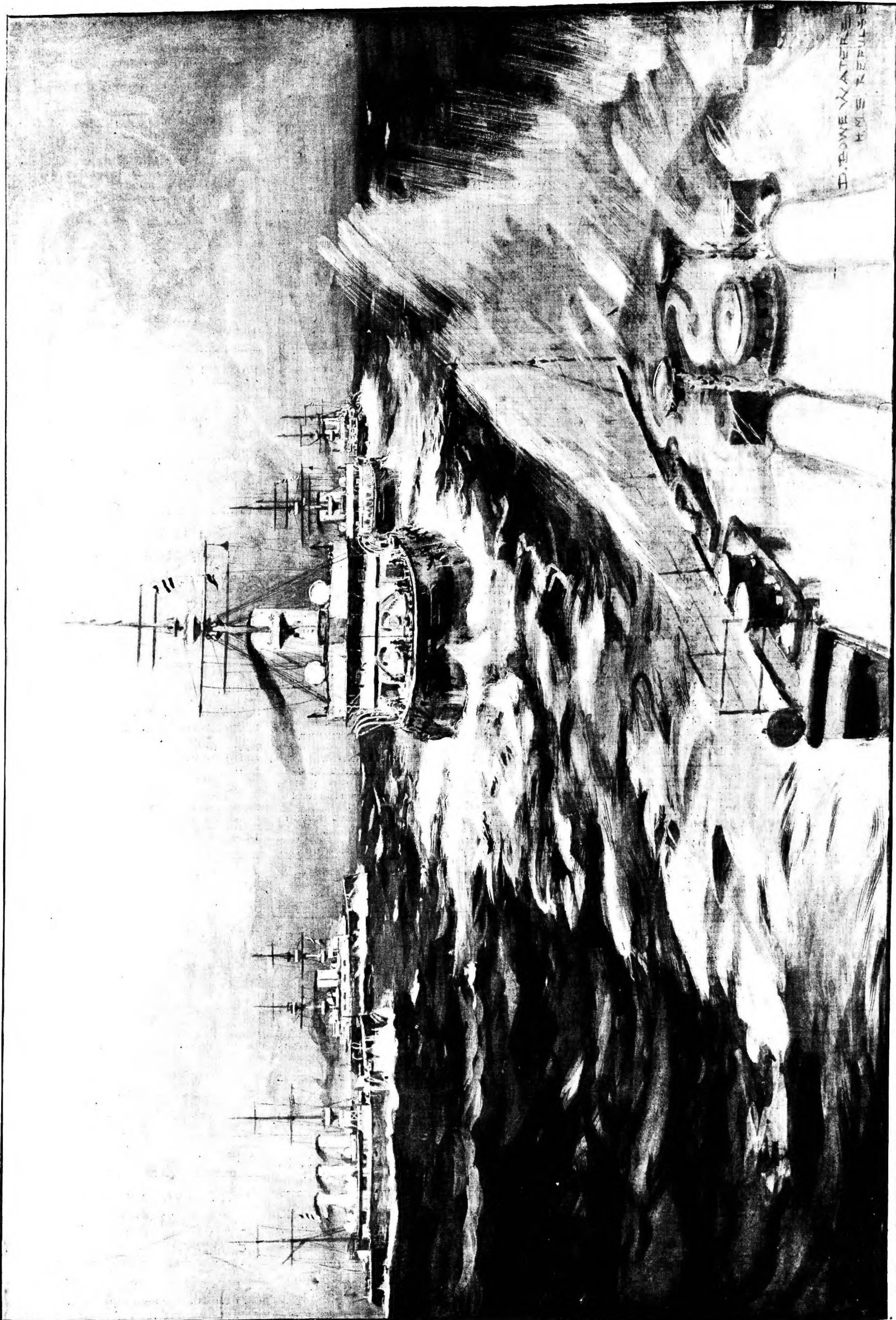
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COMBINED RAIL AND ROAD TOURS.—The Brighton Railway Company have arranged combined Rail and Road Tours, including some of the more interesting, historic and picturesque objects on the South Coast. In connection with a morning train from Victoria to Pevensey every Tuesday, Battle Abbey, Hurstmonceux Castle, and Pevensey Castle are visited by carriage, and the return journey by rail is made from Eastbourne. On Fridays, by a morning train leaving Victoria for Arundel, the Castle is visited and a carriage drive is afterwards taken through the charming scenery of Arundel Park, and by Goodwood Park to Chichester, whence the return journey is made by rail to Victoria.



Our Correspondent with the "A" Fleet writes:—"We sighted the enemy off the Tuskar, while our torpedo boats were weather bound at Waterford, and the *Conqueror*, *Edinburgh*, *Decatur*, and *Sidon*, unable to keep the speed in the heavy sea that was running, had to be sent into port. There was, therefore, no course but to fly, and the fleet did at fourteen knots until the adversary had been shaken off."

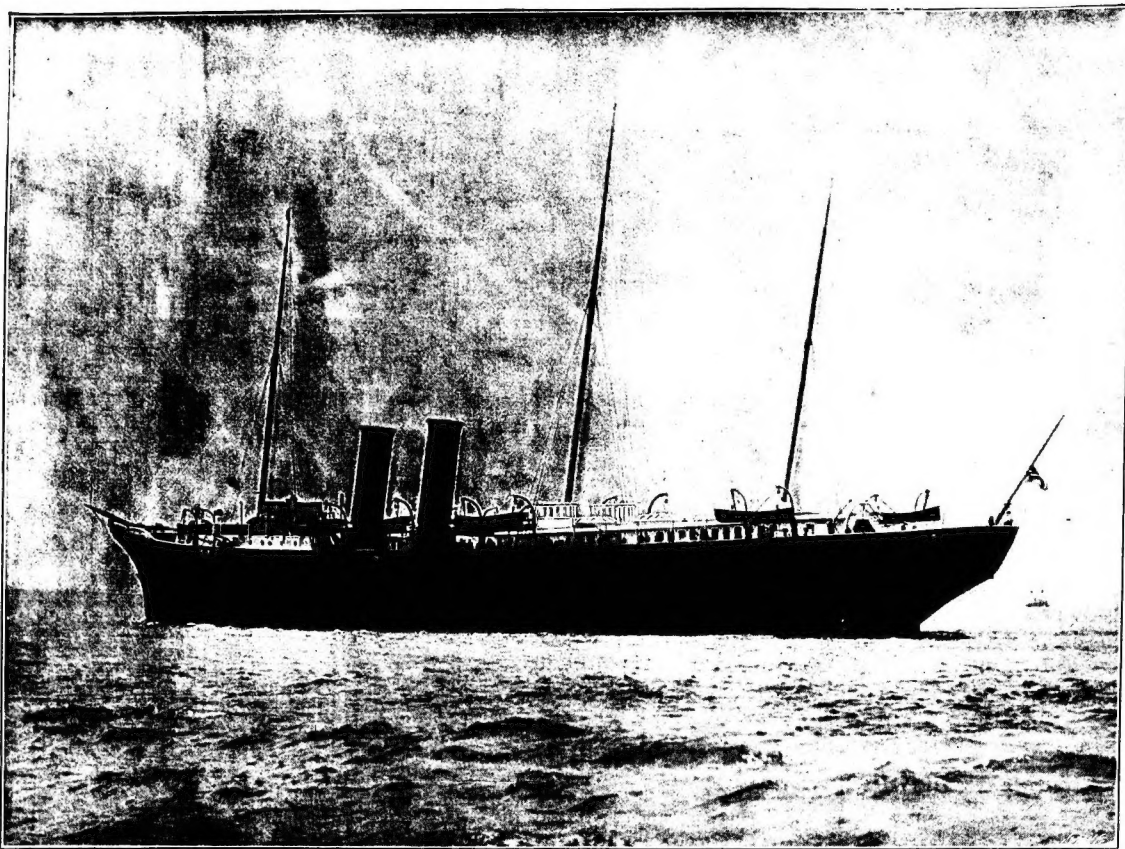
IN FULL FLEET: THE "B" FLEET IN A SOUTHERN

ILLUSTRATION BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. WATERS, ON BOARD H.M.S. "REFUSE"



THE LATE KING OF ITALY: THE BODY IN THE DEATH CHAMBER AT MONZA

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHINI



The new Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* returned to Portsmouth last Saturday afternoon, at the conclusion of the first of a series of steam trials. She left Spithead on Thursday, in charge of a navigating party from the Steam Reserve at Portsmouth. Sir William White, Director of Naval Construction, who designed the vessel, was on board all through the trial. The yacht did a preliminary run, and this having proved satisfactory, she started on a forty-eight hours' spin down Channel at 5,600 horse-power, and without difficulty realised a speed of sixteen and a-half knots. Both officers and men speak in high terms of the new *Victoria and Albert's* behaviour as a sea-boat. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE NEW ROYAL YACHT RETURNING TO PORTSMOUTH AFTER HER TRIALS

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

It is two months since it was predicted in this column that Sir Francis Plunkett would succeed Sir Horace Rumbold as British Ambassador at Vienna, and that Sir Mortimer Durand would be appointed to replace Sir Henry Drummond Wolff as British Ambassador at Madrid. Both predictions have been fulfilled. The appointment of Sir Francis Plunkett to Vienna is more or less in the ordinary course of promotion. Sir Francis has been trained throughout his career in the Diplomatic Service, and has done good work.

Sir Horace Rumbold, the retiring Ambassador at Vienna, is one of the most able Diplomats which this country has had during the past quarter of a century. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who quits Madrid, will be remembered in history for several things, but above all because he originated the idea of the Primrose League, and founded that highly successful political organisation.

It is to be hoped that the League will show its gratitude by providing for Sir Henry a safe seat at the General Election, for the House suffered a serious loss when, some years ago, Sir Henry retired from Parliament and resumed his career in the Diplomatic Service. Sir Arthur Hardinge is to be appointed British Minister at Teheran in succession of Sir Mortimer Durand. An especially able and popular man, Sir Arthur has made his way to the front rapidly, and it is greatly to his credit that he is not only a favourite with his chiefs but also with his subordinates.

It is to be taken for granted that there is to be a General Election either late in September or early in October, though there is no official information to support this impression. The Government should make known its plans as regards this as soon as possible, as the state of uncertainty is causing much inconvenience and even disturbs trade. Those members of Parliament who devote much of their time to studying the political barometer declare that the forthcoming elections will not greatly affect the balance of Parties, and that both sides will suffer unexpected losses. It seems certain that three or four members whose names have long been identified with Parliamentary life will cease to be so, and it is much to the credit of their opponents that the prospect is deplored by the latter.

When the Duke of Cambridge retired from the Command-in-Chief of the British Army and Lord Wolseley was appointed to succeed him, new regulations were issued, according to which the post was to be held for a term of five years, which was renewable at Her Majesty's pleasure. Lord Wolseley completes his first five years in October next, and it is generally supposed by those War Office officials who have the best opportunities for forming a correct forecast as regards the matter that the present Commander-in-Chief will not be re-appointed, and that the post will be offered to Lord Roberts. That will be a very popular appointment. Lord Kitchener is a comparatively young man, and he can afford to wait. Besides, a very strong opposition to him has recently arisen, and his appointment to the supreme command might cause unnecessary friction. This is a curious commentary on the value of popularity, for it is only a year ago that Society and the community combined to make him the hero of the hour!

The post of Commander-in-Chief does not carry with it a sufficiently handsome salary. When the Duke of Cambridge held

the appointment Gloucester House was the centre of the military world in this country. It is perceived by the authorities that the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army should have an official residence, and there is reason for believing that an arrangement will be made to enable those who succeed Lord Wolseley to occupy the fine suite of apartments at Chelsea Hospital.

The late Lord Russell for many years was a familiar figure at the Portland Club, the centre of the whist world. As a cross-examiner he was a terror to adverse witnesses, and his pitiless and masterly examination in the Tranby Croft case will never be forgotten by those who were present on that occasion. That terrible scene cannot fade from the memory. The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, the perfection of refinement, surrounded on the bench by a crowd of gaily dressed fashionable women, Sir Charles Russell, handsome and decisive, facing him, and the plaintiff in the box fighting determinedly for more than life! It may be mentioned that the late Lord Russell declared to the writer that Mrs. Maybrick had been wrongly convicted of the murder of her husband, for which crime she is still undergoing punishment.

A Royal Spanish Love Match

THIS has been a year of many romantic Royal marriages, and to the list may be added the coming union of the

the Asturias with Prince Carlos of Bourbon. Maria de las Mercedes of Spain, the bride-elect, was once a Queen, for when she was but a mite of five years old the death of her father, Alphonso XII., made her Sovereign until the birth of the present King six months later relegated her once more to the humbler position of heiress-presumptive to the Crown. So the Princess's marriage is an important matter which, according to rigid Spanish etiquette, should be decided by

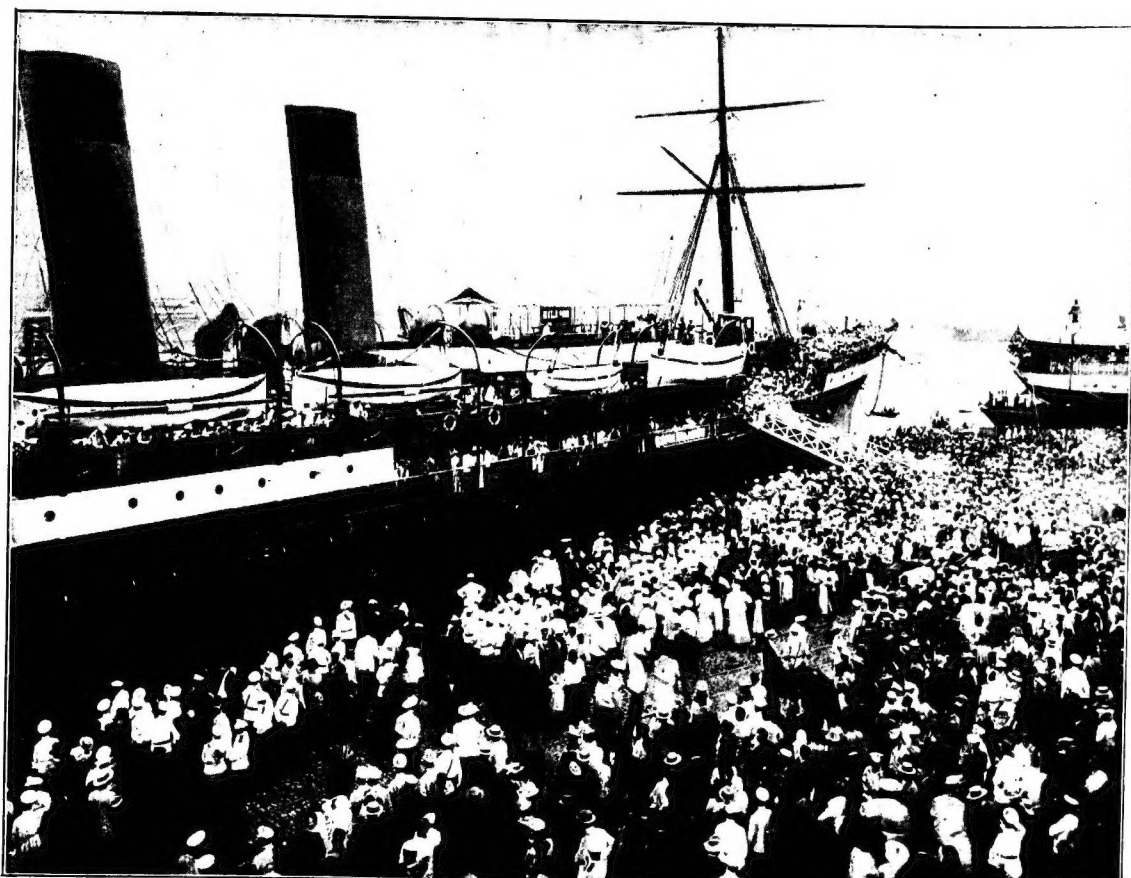
State reasons. However, the Princess upset all calculations when she fell in love with handsome Don Carlos, second son of the Count of Caserta, who is not only a comparatively unimportant Royal personage but

belongs to a family of distinct Carlist leanings. Hence a very smart contest between love and politics. Princess Mercedes vowed she would marry nobody else, while the State refused consent. The bride-elect, now just upon twenty, is the eldest of the three children born to Alphonso XII. and his second wife, Marie Christine of Austria. Princess Mercedes and her younger sister, Maria-Theresa, have been brought up most wisely and carefully by their sensible mother, and are



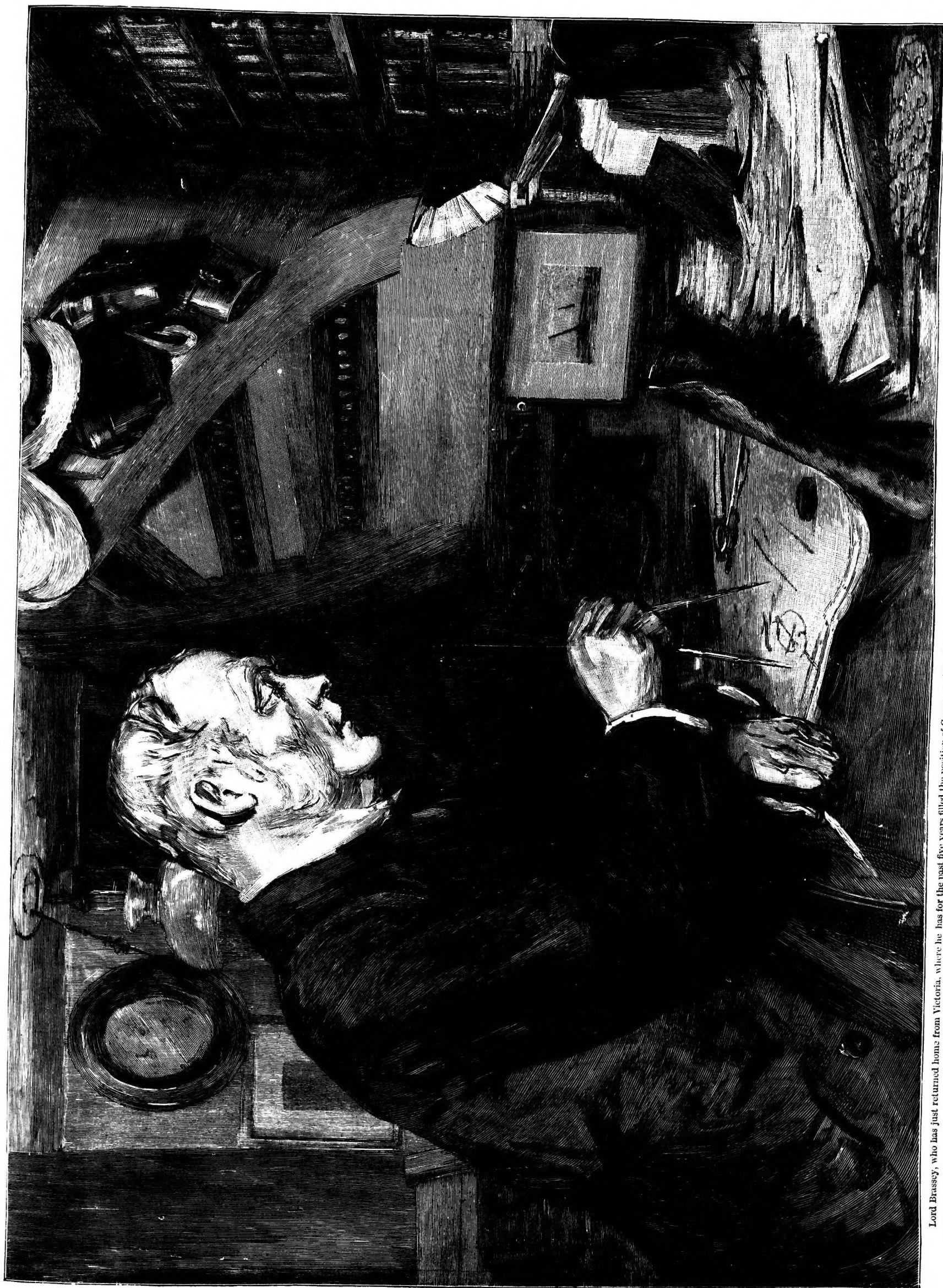
DON CARLOS OF BOURBON

handsome, accomplished girls, particularly clever at languages and music. The bridegroom, Don Carlos, belongs to the Sicilian branch of the Bourbon family, and is the second of the ten children born to the Count Alphonso of Caserta and Antoinette de Bourbon. He was born in the Tyrol twenty-nine years ago and is an officer in the Spanish Army.



Our illustration shows the Volunteer cruiser *Saratoff* lying at Odessa with the troops embarking. During the month of July 34,000 men were shipped from Odessa to the Far East. The Volunteer Fleet cruisers and the large steamers are all running out under forced steam pressure, thereby making the journey to Vladivostok in about thirty-seven days. The greater part of these numerous reinforcements are disembarked for the present at Vladivostok for Khabarovsk, and those going to Port Arthur are chiefly destined for Manchuria. Our photograph is by M. Tchekovsky.

BOUND FOR CHINA: RUSSIAN TROOPS EMBARKING AT ODESSA



Lord Brassey, who has just returned home from Victoria, where he has for the past five years filled the position of Governor of the Colony, received an enthusiastic welcome at Hastings while on his way with Lady Brassey to his seat, Normanhurst Court, Battle

STATESMAN AND NAVAL EXPERT: LORD BRASSEY ON BOARD HIS YACHT

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL



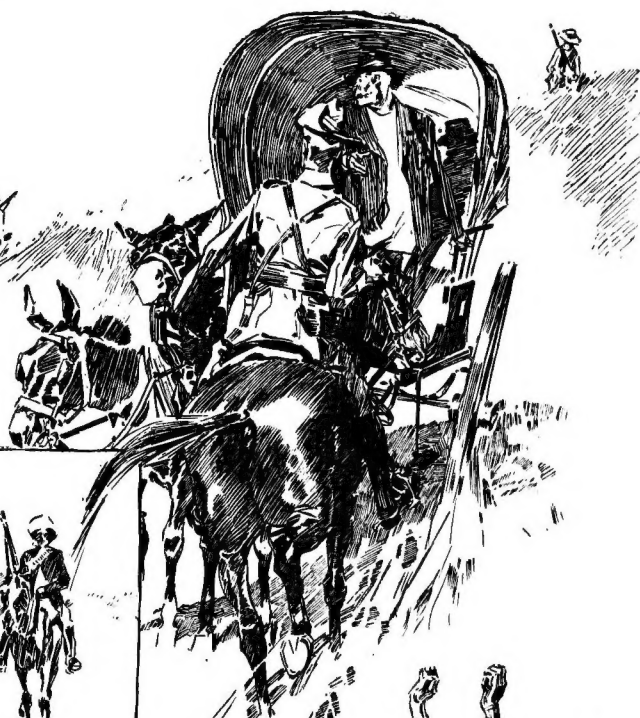
1. Dear—I haven't much time to write this mail, but I've had rather an exciting time of it lately and here's the story. On Sunday, 20th, the D.A.A.G. asked me to take a despatch from Lord Roberts, at Kroonstad, to General Hamilton, who was then at Lindley. I left the town at 8 o'clock,



4. The old man in the cart was Christian de Wet!! I had just missed Hamilton, who had gone through with the troops. The Boers had retaken Lindley the day before, and were in strong numbers on the other side of the town!



2. And rode all night,



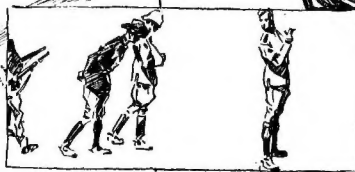
3. Arriving at Lindley early next morning. As I approached the town I could see the white flags, but there were no signs of our troops anywhere, so I stopped an old Boer who was driving along in a Cape cart, and I asked him, "Where were they?" He wouldn't tell me anything, and as he hadn't a pass on him I was just going to arrest him, when round the corner came half a dozen Boers all armed to the teeth! "Shoot him!" yelled the old man, and, before I could do anything, I was surrounded and collared!

5. Imagine my feelings! especially as the despatch was still in my pocket! and I knew I should be searched. However, fortune favoured me, for the two Boers who disarmed me made me ride back to the laager in front of them, threatening to shoot if I stopped or turned round. I was thus enabled to tear the despatch up in my pocket, and I just chewed it up and spat it out as I rode along!!



8. Then followed two days across the Veldt with an armed guard. At last on the evening of the third day we arrived at a little station called "The Grange," where we were to entrain for Pretoria. The train was to leave at 10 o'clock, and about 8.30 (only two men being on guard at this time) one of them came into the Station Hotel, where we were dining, leaving his rifle outside the door, and started smoking and talking to us.

Presently I heard the station master call the second sentry away. I heard him tramping over to the other platform; the coast was clear!! I got up and strolled out, and quickly slipping the cartridges out of the rifle at the door, I doubled round to the back of the house



7. Next morning I was joined by a couple of lieutenants, one from the "Buffs" and the other from Roberts's Horse

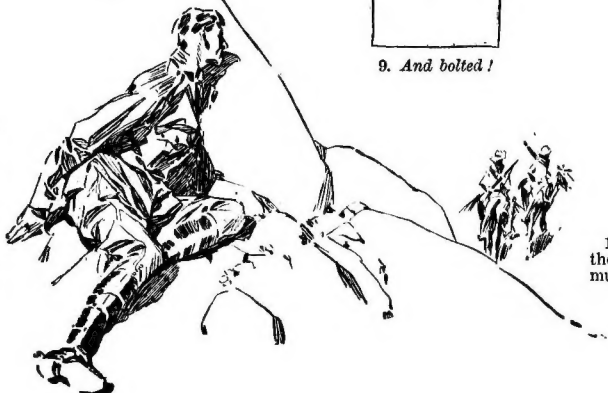
6. And when I reached the laager Commandant Prinsloo, who searched me, could find nothing of it!



9. And bolted!

10. I ran for over an hour, the darkness helping me in my escape, and walked all night, making for the direction of Vereeniging, where I believed our troops to be. Next morning I hid in a kopje, not a bit too soon, for I hadn't been in hiding half an hour when two Boer police passed on my tracks.

I stayed there all day, and at nightfall "on we goes again!" Next morning I got food and shelter from some Kaffirs, and at evening started again

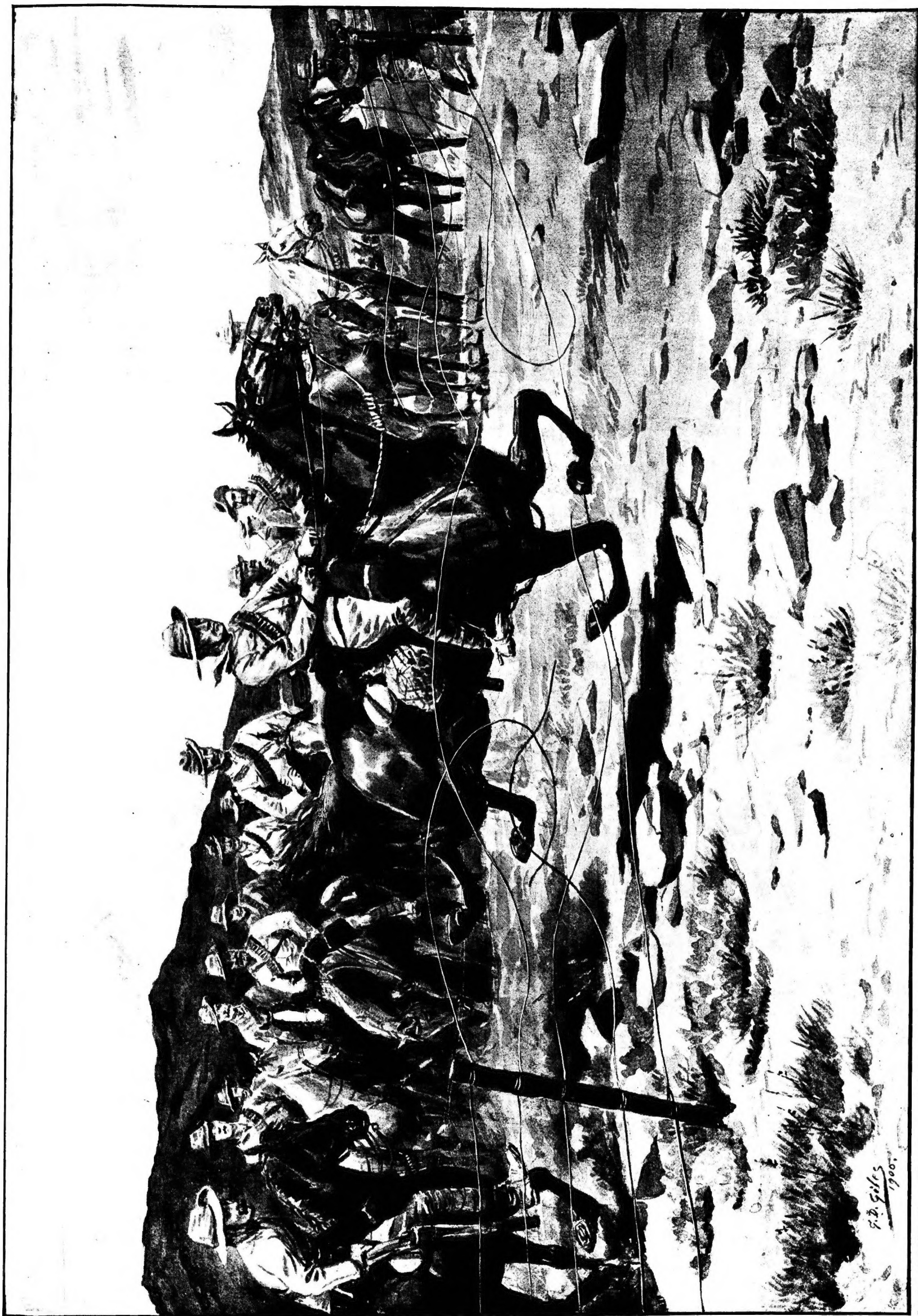


11. "All's well that ends well." At last I struck the camp, and here I am, writing to you. Well, I must close now. Remember me to all at home, And believe me
Sincerely yours,
STUART E. CRAIG



P.S. Next time I meet De W. may it be as above!

S. E. C



Our Special Artist writes:—"The other day a body of mounted Australians found their progress checked by a wire fence, which they were unable to get through, having no wire cutters with them. One of their number, a steeplechase jockey, gallantly rode at the fence at the risk of his life and burst through it, thus enabling his comrades to get through. Luckily, neither man nor horse were badly hurt."

WITH THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA: RIDING FOR A FALL

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

The Court

THE QUEEN has benefited by her stay at Osborne, and her departure for Balmoral has been put off until September 1. The past week has naturally been quiet. Her Majesty has had her usual drives each day, but owing to the Court being in mourning the proposed visit to the wounded soldiers at Netley Hospital has been postponed. Princess Christian, however, paid a private visit to the institution on Tuesday, which was highly appreciated by the patients. It is, however, still expected that the Queen, before she goes north, will pay a visit to Netley. The interest Her Majesty takes in the wounded soldiers from South Africa is proverbial, and no doubt the expectation will be realised. One morning last week Her Majesty paid a visit to the Seamen's Home at East Cowes, which is being used at present as a convalescent home for men who have been invalided home from South Africa. The Queen was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. There were twelve men in the Home, and they were delighted at the kindly attention paid to them. To each one the Queen spoke individually, asking him to what regiment he belonged and in what engagement he was wounded, and other questions which showed the deep interest Her Majesty took in the poor fellows. On the same afternoon the Empress Eugénie, who is staying on her yacht, the *Thistle*, at Cowes, paid a visit to the Queen. The Empress was met at Trinity Wharf by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Members of the Royal family will soon be scattered. On Monday night those of them who have been staying at the Palace and on the Royal yacht *Osborne* dined with the Queen. Among those present were the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had already visited the Queen a few days before. The Prince arrived on Wednesday last week, having crossed over from Portsmouth with Princess Louise and the Duke and Duchess of York, in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, on which the Princess of Wales had been living since the previous Monday.

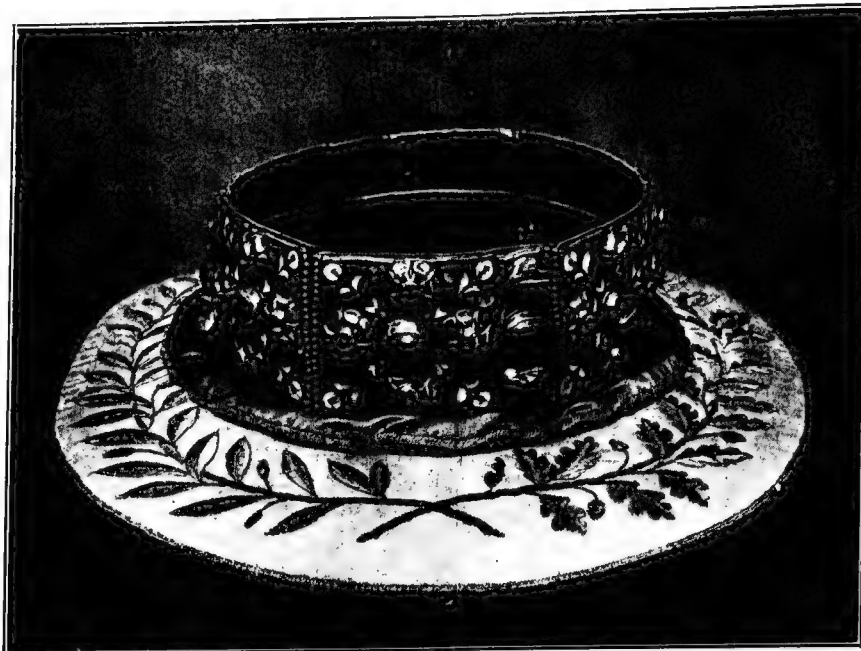
The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York paid a visit to the American yacht *Nakma*, in the Cowes Roads, on Monday, and afterwards

went for a cruise to Southampton, in the yacht *Goshawk*, on which the Prince of Wales was flying his flag as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Their Royal Highnesses concluded their visit to the Isle of Wight last Tuesday and returned to town in the afternoon. Their stay in London, however, was brief, as before the end of the week they go to the Continent. The Duke and Duchess of York are to pay a visit to Perthshire next month as the guests of the

then went to Dublin, but Prince Arthur has since returned to London.

As an instance of the kindly recognition invariably shown by the Royal Family to those from whom they have received personal services, it may be mentioned that Madame de Saxe, who was governess to the Duchess of York and afterwards secretary to the late Duchess of Teck, has been appointed with the Queen's approval governess to Prince Edward.



The famous Iron Crown of Lombardy is one of the most precious heirlooms of the Italian Royal House. The crown is only partially of iron. Tradition declares it was made from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. This was beaten out into a thin rim of iron, which was magnificently set in gold and adorned with jewels. Pope Gregory the Great bestowed it on Queen Theodolinda, a Frankish Princess, under whom the Lombards first changed their Arian faith for the Catholic. Charlemagne was crowned with it, and so were Henry of Luxemburg and succeeding Emperors. It was also used at the coronation of Napoleon I. The Emperor of Austria restored it to the King of Italy in 1866.

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY

Earl and Countess of Ancaster, at Drummond Castle, near Crieff. At the conclusion of the visit the Duke of York intends to have a few days' deer-stalking in the Forest of Glenartney. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will go north with the Queen.

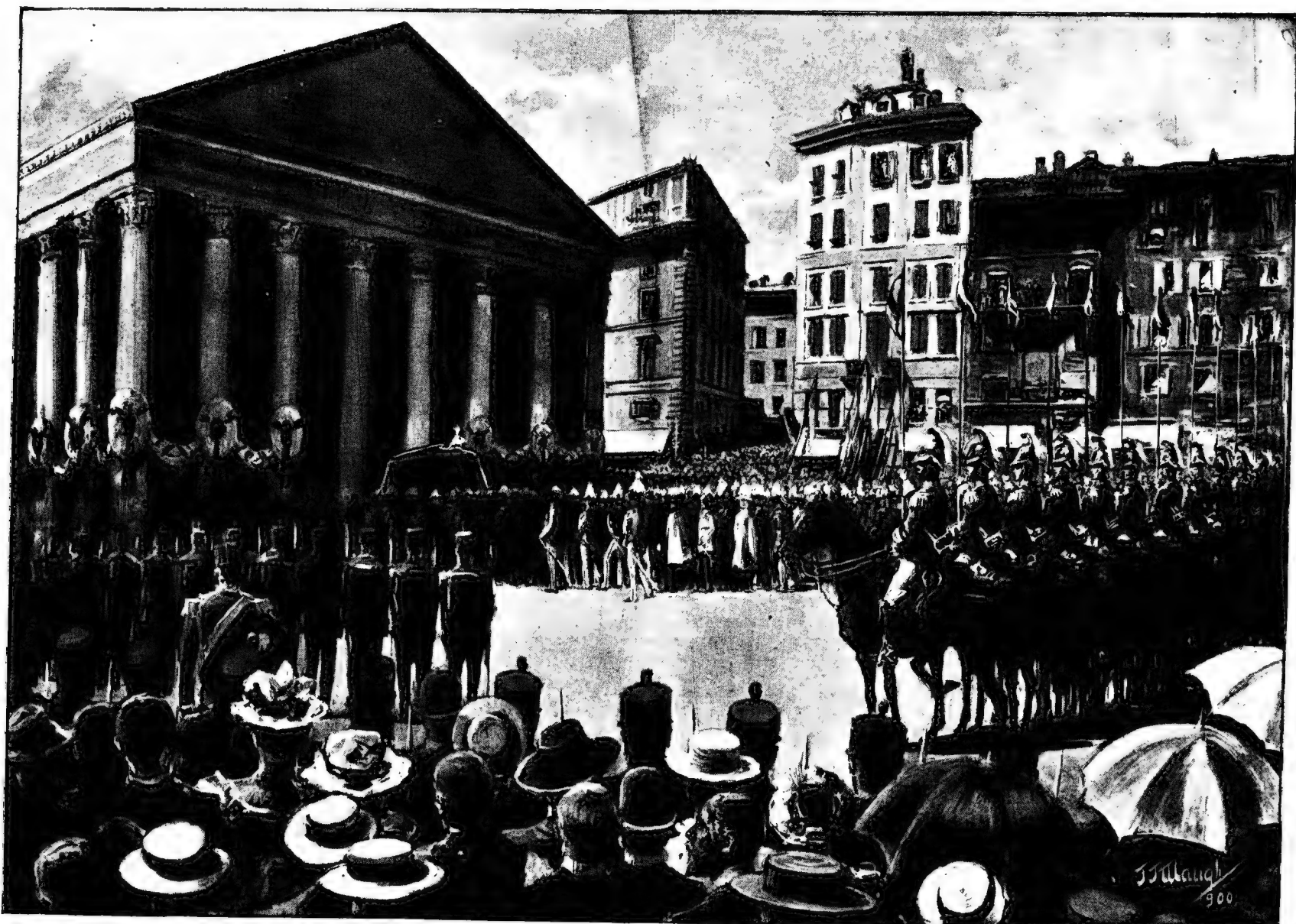
The Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur, after the funeral at Coburg, went on to Frankfort and thence to Friedrichsdorf, to visit the Empress Frederick, who, if report be true, is far from well. The Duke and his son on their return spent a day at Bagshot, and

was beautifully rendered by a choir of 180 voices, under the direction of Signor Mascagni.

King Victor Emmanuel has already created the most favourable impression on the occasion of his taking the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. The excellent effect produced by his speech was enhanced on Monday by the sympathy shown by him and Queen Hélène with the sufferers in the railway accident which occurred about eight or nine miles outside Rome. The King assisted in the work of rescue, and won golden opinions from those present.

THE LATE KING OF ITALY

The funeral of King Humbert took place in Rome last week. The body was brought from Monza on Wednesday night by rail, and reached Rome at half-past six next morning. The body, which was accompanied by the Duke of Aosta, the Count of Turin, Prince Victor N. and the Duke of Oporto, was received at the station by King Victor Emmanuel, the Italian foreign Princes and representatives of Royal Houses, the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers and dignitaries. In spite of the early hour, crowds of silent spectators filled the streets. The whole route to the Pantheon was lined on one side with tall masts covered with cypress, and on the other with palm leaf trophies, while broad black flags stretched across the street from one mast to another. After a brief ceremony inside the station, a carriage bearing the coffin was conducted in a solemn and imposing procession to the Pantheon. The Queen Hélène, the Dowager Queen Maria Pia, the Dowager Queen Maria Pia, of Portugal, and the Royal Princesses had already taken their places. The scene inside the building when the coffin arrived was very imposing. In the centre was a magnificent catafalque over twenty feet high, and above it rose a splendid baldachin. Within the cupola were a hundred lamps. Round the catafalque were palms and the wreaths sent by members of the Italian and other Royal families. On the arrival of the coffin, the famous Iron Crown and the King's helmet and sword were placed on it before it was raised to the top of the catafalque. The funeral Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Geneva, and the musical portion of the service



DRAWN BY J. J. WAUGH

THE PROCESSION ARRIVING AT THE PANTHEON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHINI

THE FUNERAL OF THE KING OF ITALY

Exhibition Jottings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE inevitable swindler has already made his appearance and can count a considerable number of victims. He sent letters to a number of people, informing them that they had received the gold medal, and that the diploma and medal would follow in a few days' time. The fees in connection with this were stated to be one hundred francs. A few days later diploma and medal duly arrived, and in many instances the victims, overjoyed at receiving such a high award, hastened to pay the so-called "fees." It is needless to say that no awards have yet been made public, and will not be until the official ceremony, to be held on Saturday or Sunday next, over which the President of the Republic will preside.

The diploma of the Exhibition has not even been designed. A competition has been opened among printers and engravers in France, and the names of intending competitors will be received up to the 20th of this month. It is therefore clear that no Exhibitor can receive the outward proof of his success before some months' time, probably only after the Exhibition has closed.

The various international competitions have come to an end with widely contrasted ones, the fire brigade competition and the

crossbow shooting contest. The fire-engines taking part included the very latest type of the automobile engine. I am afraid, as regards crossbows, no progress has been made since the time of William Tell. The International Swimming Competition, which was concluded on Sunday last, was a great success for the English competitors, and this would probably have been still greater if in the competition by teams the English team had not, by an unfortunate mistake, been disqualified. They were told to be at the Courbevoie basin at half-past eight. On arriving they were informed they were too late and that they had been disqualified. How the mistake arose is not clear, but in spite of the protests of the team the committee refused to reconsider its decision.

Among the foreign visitors the Belgians and the Germans continue to furnish the largest contingent. On Sunday last the trains from Quiesrain and Mons had to be run in three portions, each containing nearly a thousand passengers. Nearly every train from Germany is doubled, and every seat is crowded. The *restaurateurs*, café keepers, and proprietors of the various "side shows" continue to complain that the economical German and the frugal Belgian add nothing to their receipts, as they come to see the Exhibition, which they do most conscientiously, and not to spend money in cafés or in visiting places of entertainment. In fact, the Exhibition is in the curious position of being the greatest success, as far as the number of visitors is concerned, ever held in France, while from the point of view of the Paris tradesman, it is the most disastrous failure of any World's Fair held since 1854.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

DURING the recent blusterous and stormy weather the public must have been thoroughly convinced of the inutility and absurdity of the modern porch as attached to private houses. I do not know why I should call it modern, as it must have existed more or less since the days of George the Fourth, but of late years its inutility has become more evident and its absurdity is accentuated. As it at present stands it is of no use to the householder save in the way of aggressive ornament, often in the very worst taste, and offers no protection to his visitor. The worst place you can possibly find for shelter from the passing storm is the modern porch. A thorough draught, which often develops into a miniature hurricane, circulates between its pretentious pillars and causes you to get infinitely wetter than if you were in the open street, and the aforesaid draught is very apt to blow away your hat and turn your umbrella inside out before the door is opened unto you. Again, the modern porch is often unevenly paved, and you have a very good chance of standing in a pool of water while the servant is answering your "frappant or tintinabulant" summons. If people would only have the common sense to glaze in the sides of the modern porch—and glass is cheap enough nowadays to make this easy enough to accomplish—there would be a chance of its becoming some small protection in tempestuous weather. At some of the recently renovated houses in Russell Square may be found porches of the most roomy and comfortable description. But I am afraid these are constructed at the expense of the mansions to which they belong, whose halls must in consequence suffer considerable curtailment.

It is difficult to understand why the whole of the postal arrangements of England should be disarranged on account of Bank Holiday. There are plenty of people who elect on these occasions to stop at home, and there are many who like to work and take their holiday at another time. I imagine that on August 6th there were more remained indoors and devoted themselves to business than usual. Their efforts in this direction, however, were not a little interfered with by the almost Sabbatical nature of the post which characterises these quarterly festivals. Had the delivery and despatch of letters been as usual they might have got through a prodigious amount of business quietly, and have entirely avoided the extra pressure which now invariably occurs on the following Tuesday.

In an amusing article on "Holiday Head Gear" in the *Globe* the other day may be read:—"It does come as something of a shock to realise that one's favourite heroine of one particular period wore, as the old comic song told us, 'A pork-pie hat and a little feather.'" I do not think the writer is quite accurate in his quotation. If my memory serves me, it ran thus:—

A pork-pie hat with a little white feather,
And new knickerbockers for the dirty weather,

and occurred in a song called "In the Strand," which was enormously popular in the Sixties, and was sung by E. W. Mackney, one of the best and cleverest of nigger-impersonators. The music was derived from "Dixie's Land," one of the first plantation ditties imported from America. The "new knickerbockers" alluded to above must not be confused with the hideous garments which strong-minded lady cyclists and others have tried to introduce in recent years. They were a species of gaiter devised especially for the protection of the white stocking then universally worn. You frequently find the costume of the moment reflected in the comic songs of the period. Unfortunately such songs are but too often undated. Why is there not a law to compel all publications to be dated? It would be no hardship on the publisher, and it would be invaluable for reference and evidence in after years.

It is impossible for me to understand a prosecution that occurred lately with regard to some one who travelled with a workman's ticket considering himself to be a workman when other people held that he was not. I cannot see what a railway company has to do with the profession or occupation of any of its passengers. They issue certain tickets at a certain price by a certain train, and any one who can afford to pay the price should, one would think, be entitled to be a passenger by the aforesaid train. Surely anybody who gets up early enough to go by a workman's train should be allowed to travel by it. I myself do not see why one class of passenger should be preferred to another. Why are anglers, actors and other classes allowed to travel at a cheaper rate than the general public? I altogether fail to understand this. I suppose if the Bystander were to travel with a workman's ticket he would have a good chance of being prosecuted. And yet he is a *bona-fide* workman, who probably works much harder, for half the wage, than his brethren who carry the hod, who smite with the hammer, who clang the trowel, who handle the paint-brush and who slither with the plane.

Going through Hanover Street the other day I noticed a building which, years ago, had many pleasant associations with the musical world—namely, the Hanover Square Rooms—was all but demolished. Its calling as a concert room ceased after occupying that position for just a century. I have dined at the Hanover Square Club, which subsequently bought the building, and in the days of my youth I can recollect being present at sundry entertainments when the rooms were in their original state. I can recall concerts by the Wandering Minstrels, by the Amateur Orchestral Society and by Henry Leslie's Choir. I can remember that here Mr. Robert Buchanan gave readings from his own works, that it was here I heard for the first time Arthur Sketchley give "Mrs. Brown at the Play," and here I first had the pleasure of seeing Mark Twain. On that occasion I sat next to America's greatest showman, Phineas T. Barnum.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

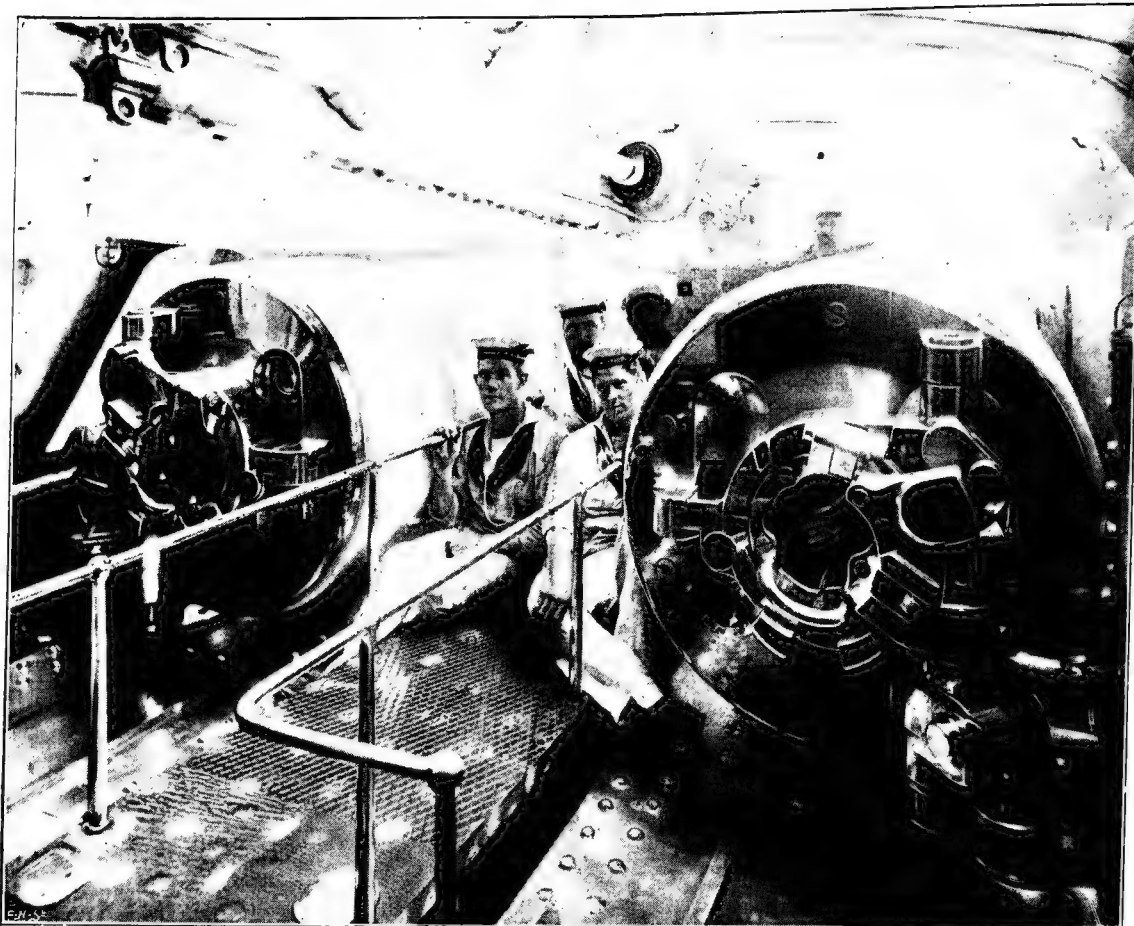
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST A. BIANCHINI

THE SERVICE IN THE PANTHEON: A VIEW OF THE CATAFALQUE
THE FUNERAL OF THE KING OF ITALY

The Teaching of the Manœuvres

By H. W. WILSON

THOUGH the period of war in the Naval Manœuvres this year has been longer than upon recent occasions, no decisive result has been obtained. "B" Fleet, which very roughly represented the British Fleet, was unable to bring "A" Fleet, which in the same way stood for a Russo-French combination, to action or to secure the command of the sea. The advantage on "B's" side was much too small; he had only thirteen battleships against "A's" twelve, and a preponderance of one-twelfth in a fleet which was slower, less seaworthy, and generally inferior in coal supply, was clearly insufficient. In actual war, as against France and Russia, England would be slightly inferior in numbers, but superior in large, fast, sea-going battleships. We are not, however, retaining our place, and by the last official return had only seventeen battleships building to sixteen French and Russian, and of the latter all but one were of large size. That is to say, we were not even securing the one-twelfth advantage which "B" was given as against "A."



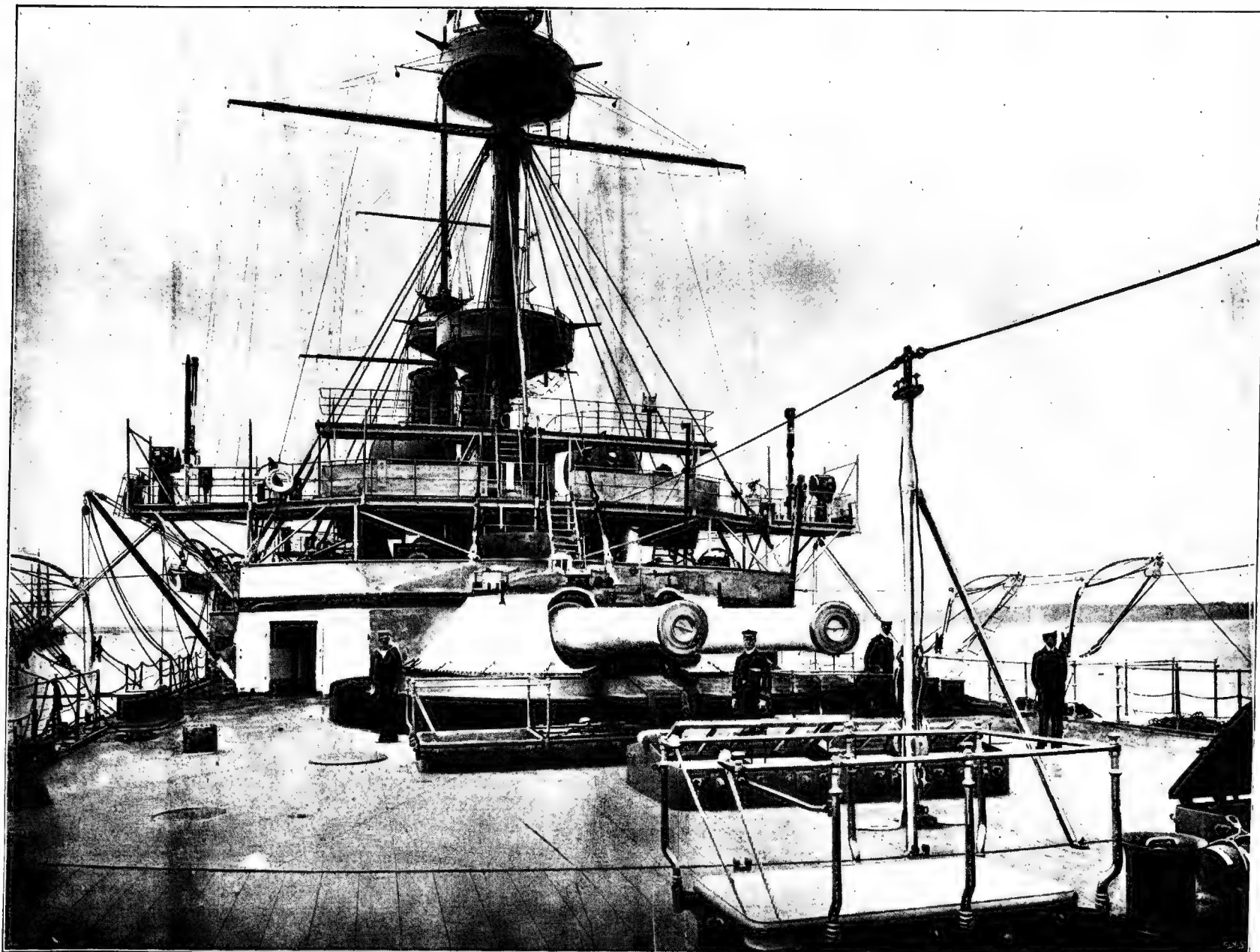
IN THE BARBETTE OF H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE"

One fact clearly demonstrated in the manœuvres was the uselessness of reinforcing a modern squadron with old ships. Thus "A" Fleet was made up of the eight splendid battleships of the Channel Squadron, to which were added the *Dreadnought*, *Sultan*, *Edinburgh*, and *Conqueror*. The first two date back to the early seventies, and though re-

navies—with what result can be easily foreseen.

A new departure was made in this year's manœuvres. For the first time a distillery ship was supplied to each fleet. But the two distillers were hastily picked up and proved far from satisfactory. The one with "A" Fleet was so slow in speed, so ill equipped with condensing and pumping

boilered are in armament much what they were thirty years ago. They were not, of course, tested in battle, but they proved too slow to keep up with the *Majestic*, while the low freeboard of the *Dreadnought* gave trouble in heavy seas. The *Conqueror* is even worse as a sea-boat, and her coal supply was so bad that she could not keep her place with the other battleships; the *Edinburgh* was just as untrustworthy. In war it is perfectly certain that Admiral Rawson would not have embarrassed himself with such craft. He would have preferred to rely upon his eight *Majestics* and *Royal Sovereigns* which he knew and could trust. What precisely is the function of the numerous old ships which cumber our Navy List no one seems to know. The Admiralty theory is, apparently, that they will be useful as a last resort; but from our want of battleships it is to be feared that our Admirals will be given them in lieu of modern ships, and that they will have to be pitted against modern or reconstructed battleships in foreign



THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "PRINCE GEORGE"

The *Prince George*, which was during the manœuvres attached to the "A2" Fleet, is a first-class battleship of 14,900 tons. She was launched in 1895, and carries four 12-in. guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firing, eighteen 12-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, and two light guns. Our photographs are by Russell and Sons

AT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

plant, that she was almost useless. She was speedily captured and there was an end of her. It is plainly necessary to select carefully and provide beforehand such auxiliary ships. One or two will be wanted in every squadron, and at the critical moment we may feel certain that it will be difficult to obtain the right ships and to supply them with the required plant. It is much the same with steam colliers. Those chartered for manoeuvre purposes are too often ill-found in the matter of derricks, winches, and hawsers, and built with hatches ill-adapted for the coaling of our modern men-of-war. The opinion is steadily ripening that the Navy should have its own colliers.

In these manoeuvres for the second time the water-tube boiler, which is now being fitted in all our new ships, has been under trial side by side with the older "tank" boiler. It cannot conscientiously be said that the results are satisfactory. In every case the coal consumption of the ships fitted with the new boiler has greatly exceeded that of the ships with the old type. Sometimes the excess has been enormous. Thus on August 1 and 2 the *Ariadne* burnt 235 tons of coal to the *St. George's* 115 tons. Both ships are first-class cruisers, both steamed the same speed, and many think the *St. George* as good a fighting ship as the *Ariadne*. On her coal supply the *Ariadne* could only keep the sea for eight days of continuous steaming, allowing a reserve for emergencies, whereas the *St. George* would be good for ten days. Evidently something is wrong;

it may be the *Ariadne's* stokers were unfamiliar with the new boilers, but though that might explain much, it does not get over the fact that water-tube ships in permanent commission burn more coal than "tank" ships. Wireless telegraphy has been in use in seven of the vessels manoeuvring, and has proved a distinct success, though curiously liable to be affected by atmospheric electricity. Three times at least in the *Diadem*, in which ship I watched the in-

to attract the attention of the military, entered the port and was fired upon, though a friendly ship. In war such an incident might have had the most disastrous results. At Lough Swilly another such accident was only prevented by Admiral Rawson's delay of three-quarters of an hour. The result is certainly such as to raise doubts of the efficiency of our coast defences. As an American officer years ago reported, they are the most chaotically organised in the world.

同文流報隨報附送不准及售書報第卅一頁六月初二日

西人避亂圖

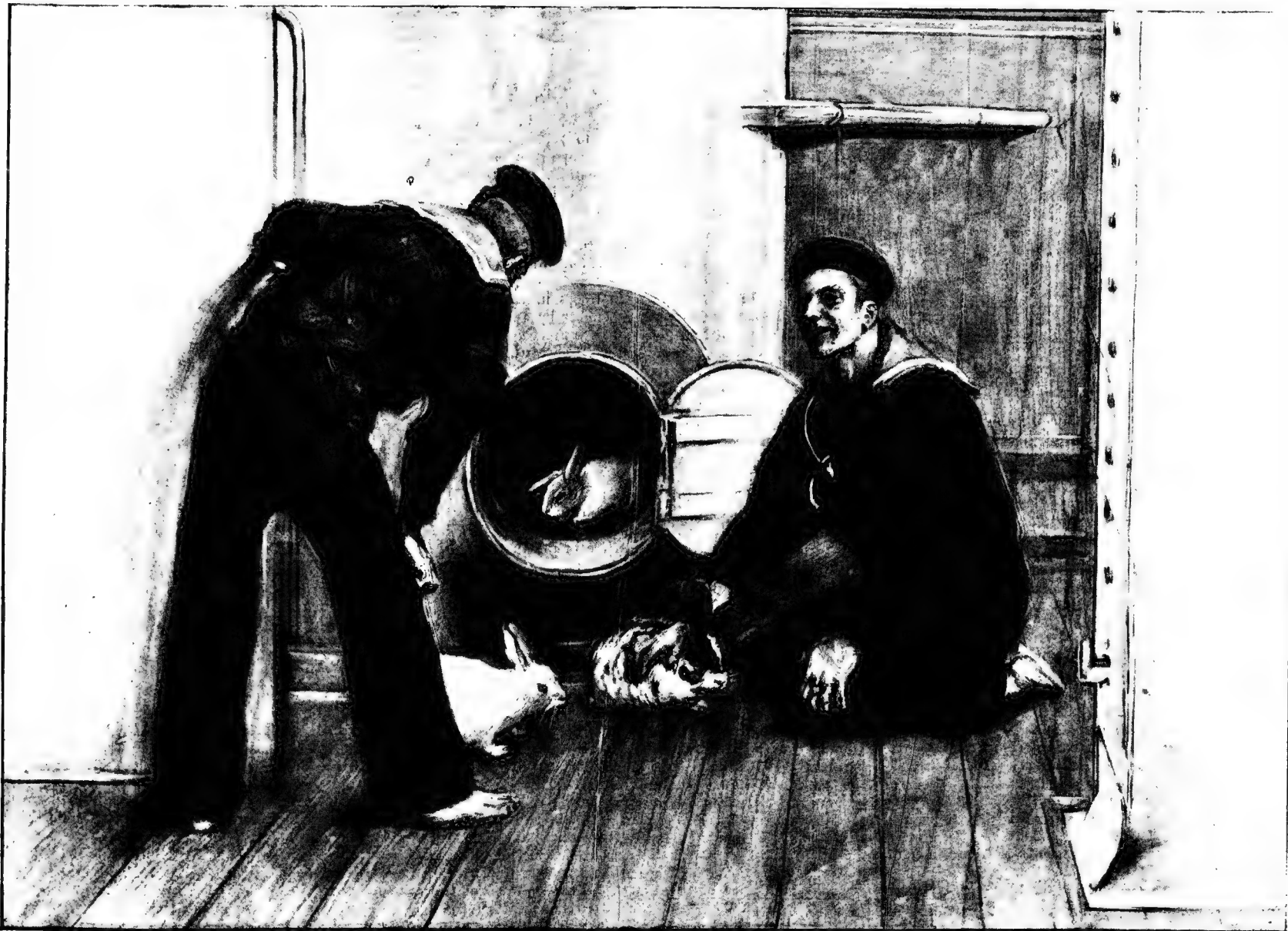


This print was issued by a Chinese newspaper as a supplement. It is from a drawing of a native artist, and represents the "retreat" of the Europeans from the Chinese during the present trouble. It is interesting, not only as being a sample of native art, but also as being the first illustration of the fighting in Peking and Tientsin to reach this country

A SPECIMEN OF CHINESE ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM

struments at work, incoherent dots and dashes came in when no one was sending signals. Out of the unknown came the mysterious rappings, as the result of some unknown phenomenon. In every ship the same thing was observed. In spite of these distractions, however, messages were despatched and received at twenty miles, which is quite outside the range of signals by any other agency in any but abnormal weather. There can be no doubt that in the near future all long distance signalling at sea will be accomplished with wireless instruments.

The object of the exercises has been to test the organisation of our coast defences. These, as the public is doubtless aware, are manned by the Army, not the Navy, a state of things which is pregnant with dangerous possibilities. The men in charge must in war be able to distinguish between British and hostile ships, by night and by day, broadside-on and end-on. Such knowledge is not easily to be acquired anywhere except at sea. At Berehaven the cruiser *Furious*, after making repeated attempts



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. WATERS

Soldiers are notoriously fond of making pets of animals, and it would seem that sailors also possess this amiable trait. Our Special Artist with the "A" Fleet in the Naval Manœuvres, in sending the

sketch from which our illustration was drawn, says that the rabbits—the pets in question—were kept under the after conning tower, and tended with the greatest care

JACK AND HIS PETS: A SKETCH AT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

The Crisis in China

By CHARLES LOWE

The Situation at Peking

AMID all the contradictory statements emanating from or relating to Peking during the past week one thing emerged as a certainty, namely, that the Legations in the Forbidden City were still holding out on the 6th inst., but that their situation there was next to desperate, and that ten days' food—rice and horses—only remained, which, on full rations, would carry them up to the 16th inst. Few facts that were positively new have come through to us during the last few days. In a telegram dated August 3, Sir Claude MacDonald stated that up till then the total killed in defending the Legations were sixty, and 110 wounded. "We have strengthened our fortifications," he added, "and have over 200 women and children refugees in Legation." Telegraphing about the same time Herr Below, in charge of the German Legation, said that the situation had been unchanged since July 17, that there had been "neither an attack by troops *en masse* upon us, nor shell fire, only desultory rifle fire." Mr. Conger, the American Minister, confirmed this by saying, "that rifle fire is kept up on us daily by the Imperial troops. We have abundant courage, but little ammunition or provisions. Two progressive Yamen Ministers have been beheaded," for the crime of bespeaking consideration for the foreigners, who otherwise had been made the simultaneous objects of right and left handed Imperial decrees—one promising them protection, and the other secretly instigating the "Boxers" to destroy them.

A Rejected Proposal

At the same time the supplies of food which the Empress was kind enough to send to the beleaguered British Legation would appear to have been stopped—possibly by way of clinching the



COUNT VON WALTERSEE
Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in China

arguments addressed to Sir Claude MacDonald to take the road to Tientsin under a Chinese escort, which would guard them from all imaginable harm. But the Ministers were not to be caught napping in this way. If the Chinese Government could not protect them in Peking, the centre of its power—witness their sixty killed and 110 wounded—how in the world could it guarantee to safeguard them on the way to the coast? As the French Minister, M. Pichon, telegraphed to his Government:—"We cannot leave Peking unless an imposing foreign force should come to fetch us. That force should be sufficiently numerous to ensure the safety of a convoy of 800 foreigners—of whom 200 are women and children—and fifty wounded persons, and also of 3,000 native Christians, whom we cannot abandon to be massacred. In no case would a Chinese escort be sufficient." Subsequently the Ministers and their Governments were informed by the Tsung-li-Yamen that an Imperial Edict had been issued appointing Li Hung Chang with full powers to negotiate peace and friendship with the Powers, and, above all things, to arrest the advance of the allied forces on the capital from Tientsin.

A Counter Proposal

But as Mr. Conger had already advised his Government at Washington "that the leaving of Peking, as proposed in the Edict of the 2nd inst., would mean certain death," so the State Department replied to the Edict of the 8th inst. appointing Li Hung Chang plenipotentiary for the aforesaid purpose, by declaring:—"It is evident that there can be no general negotiations between China and the Powers so long as the Ministers of the Powers and persons under their protection remain in their present position of restraint and danger, and that the Powers cannot cease their efforts for the delivery of these representatives, to which they are constrained by the highest considerations of national honour, except under arrangements which are adequate to accomplish their peaceful deliverance." At the same time the American Government avowed itself "ready to be a party to an agreement between the Powers and the Chinese Government for the cessation of hostile demonstrations, on condition that a sufficient body of the forces composing the Relief Expedition be permitted to enter Peking unmolested, and to escort the Foreign Ministers and residents back to Tientsin, this movement being provided for and secured by such arrangements and disposition of troops as shall be considered satisfactory by the Generals commanding the forces composing the Relief Expedition." This was an eminently fair and reasonable offer, which also commended itself, as there is reason to believe, to the favour of the other Governments concerned; but it did not find acceptance with the

Tsung-li-Yamen, which continued to temporise, or to the "Imperial soldiery," who continued to "snipe" at the Legations, with the result that the Italian Minister telegraphed:—"We hope the Allies will not delay their advance on Peking;" that Mr. Conger wired, like the plucky Yankee that he is:—"Whatever may be the outcome of the situation, I will hold on indefinitely"—an assurance which did not look very hopeful in the light of Sir Claude MacDonald's telegram of the 6th inst. that "the situation is desperate. Ten days' food remains. Unless relieved general massacre probable"—after which the vivid "word-artists" at Shanghai might again make us shudder with their blood-curdling telegrams, and with a little more truthfulness than before.

The Relieving Army

But by the time that Sir C. MacDonald wrote the above-quoted message to the British Consul at Hong Kong, the relief for which he and all his colleagues so fervently longed was already well on its way, or at least well under weigh. Leaving Tientsin on the 4th inst. the Allied Force had captured Pei-tsang on the 5th and Yang-tung, further up the Pei-ho, on the 6th, after a march of eighteen miles and four hours' fighting—which done, they again pushed forward and reached Hu-si-wu, half way to Peking, on the 9th. That left something like forty miles between them and the capital, where the Legations had food supplies to last them at least to the 16th, that is to say, the Allies had still a week to fight their way over some thirty-five or forty miles of road, some of it submerged and most of it barred by the miscellaneous soldiery of Li-Ping-Hang, the Chinese Commander-in-Chief.

It is difficult to construct a clear account of the fighting between Tientsin and Hu-si-wu from the despatches of the various commanders of the international relieving force. In the case of Pei-tsang, which was captured after seven and a-half hours' fighting (according to a Tokio telegram, the occupation of the place was mainly the work of the Brito-Japanese column, 12,000 strong, on the right bank of the Pei-ho, the co-operation of the Franco-Russian contingent, 500 strong, having been frustrated through the flooding of the country by the enemy. The Chinese camp and fourteen of their guns were captured. The Chinese force amounted to 25,000 men, some with and some probably without muskets. The Japanese lost over 200, the British and Americans about 20 killed and wounded. At Yang-tsun, next day—the 6th—the Allies achieved an equally signal victory, after a strenuous march of eighteen miles in "a temperature of over 100 deg." All this was done, according to the Russian commander, "by a mutual agreement of the chiefs of the Expedition;" but it has now been decided to substitute for this *Kriegsrath*, or Aulic Council in the field, a more centralised and individual authority in the person of Field-Marshal Count Waldersee, who is perhaps the most capable and distinguished General in the German army. The Emperor may sometimes be rash in his speech, but he invariably manages to do the right thing, and he never made a wiser appointment than when he asked Count Waldersee to undertake the command of the Allied Forces in the East.

The International Army

And what, then, are the International forces which will be under the nominal command of Field-Marshal Count Waldersee, whose carefully chosen staff consists of forty-one officers and other officials, with an escort of 172 men representatively drawn from every corps in the German Army? At present there are about 38,000 men and 114 guns between Taku and Peking, while in the course of September this force will have swelled to 78,000 men with 280 guns. It is not so easy to detail the composition of the Indo-British contingent; but, excluding the Fourth Brigade, the strength of the Indian Force proceeding to China is as follows:—446 British officers, 548 warrant officers and men, 516 native officers, 13,970 men, 11,850 followers, 1,150 drivers, 2,520 horses, 4,300 ponies and mules, 12 guns and 14 Maxims. The Imperial Service troops number about 1,800. The whole force will probably leave India before the middle of September.

The German, French, and Russian troops in the province of Pe-chili will be increased during September by 11,300 Germans with 34 guns, under General Lessel; 10,000 French with 20 guns, under General Voyron; and 8,700 Russians with 24 guns. It is said that Russia will have 142,000 men, with 242 guns, in Manchuria and Siberia at about the same date; so that over 230,000 men, with more than 500 guns, will be under arms against China at that time, not to mention the 70 large warships and 12 torpedo-boats in the Gulf of Pe-chili, 21 warships and one torpedo-boat on the Yang-tse-Kiang, 18 ships and two torpedo-boats near Canton, and two German ships at Tsing-tau. It will be seen that Russia will have by far the largest army in the field against the Chinese, and a proof of her seriousness in the coming struggle is the fact, as reported, that "the Russian forces occupied Niu-chang on the 4th inst., and have taken charge of the Customs"—Niu-chang, on the Gulf of Pe-chili, to which the railway from Port Arthur has already been constructed.

Field-Marshal Count Von Waldersee is a Prussian, a native of Potsdam, where he was born on April 8, 1832. He entered the army in 1850 as a sub-lieutenant of artillery. In 1858 he became captain and aide-de-camp to Prince Charles of Prussia. In 1865 he was attached to the Staff of the Prussian Army, and in the following year, during the war with Austria, he won his grade as major. At the time of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was military attaché at the Prussian Embassy in Paris. He immediately joined the headquarters of King William and took part in the battles before Metz, the capitulation of Sedan, and the siege of Paris. On the re-establishment of peace he was appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* in Paris with the rank of colonel. Returning to Germany, he received the command of the Hanoverian Uhlans. In 1874 he became chief of the Staff of the Tenth Army Corps, in 1876 a major-general, and in 1880 a full general. His great reputation and the affection with which he was regarded by Count Von Moltke earned for him in 1881 the post of Quartermaster-General of the Staff. This made him in effect chief lieutenant to the great Prussian strategist, who had made the German Empire by his victories over Austria and France. In 1888 he succeeded Count Von Moltke in the high functions of Chief of the General Staff with the rank of a Field-Marshal General.

The Siege and Relief of Kumassi

A STIRRING story is unfolded in an interview which representative has had with an officer who has just returned from Kumassi. Events in West Africa have hardly received the attention they deserved, South Africa and China seeming to absorb everything else. The tale of the relief of the besieged Kumassi, however, is a glorious episode, reminding us of details of the story of Lucknow. The officer who supplied further details was with the relief force which fought its way north into the capital, was besieged with the G. Kumassi, and was with those who succeeded in cutting their way out, and only reached the coast after heavy fighting. On April 18 news reached the garrison at Gambaga of trouble at Ashantis, and immediately Major Morris, D.S.O., the Commissioner of the Northern Territories, began preparations for a march to Kumassi, 340 miles to the South. In three days everything was ready, and a force consisting of four officers, 170 Hausas, a 7-pounder gun, and a Maxim set out. To this force was added a troop of Moshi cavalry. So rapidly did this little force march that in thirteen days they covered 238 miles and were at Kintampo, within 100 miles of Kumassi. At Kintampo a halt of two days was made to secure the loyalty of the N'Koranzas. Then the march was resumed, and very soon the main body of the enemy were sighted and shots were exchanged. The Ashantis fell back in face of



MAJOR A. MORRIS
Who had charge of the column that escaped from Kumassi

our advance and their villages were burnt. On May 15 the outskirts of Kumassi were reached, and severe fighting took place, in the course of which Major Morris was wounded. That gallant officer continued to direct the operations from his hammock, although in great pain. The first stockade was taken, then a second and third, the last being undefended. Kumassi was entered without further opposition. But the work of the column was not done. The garrison had run very short of food and ammunition, and it was determined that an effort should be made to cut through the enemy and make for the coast.

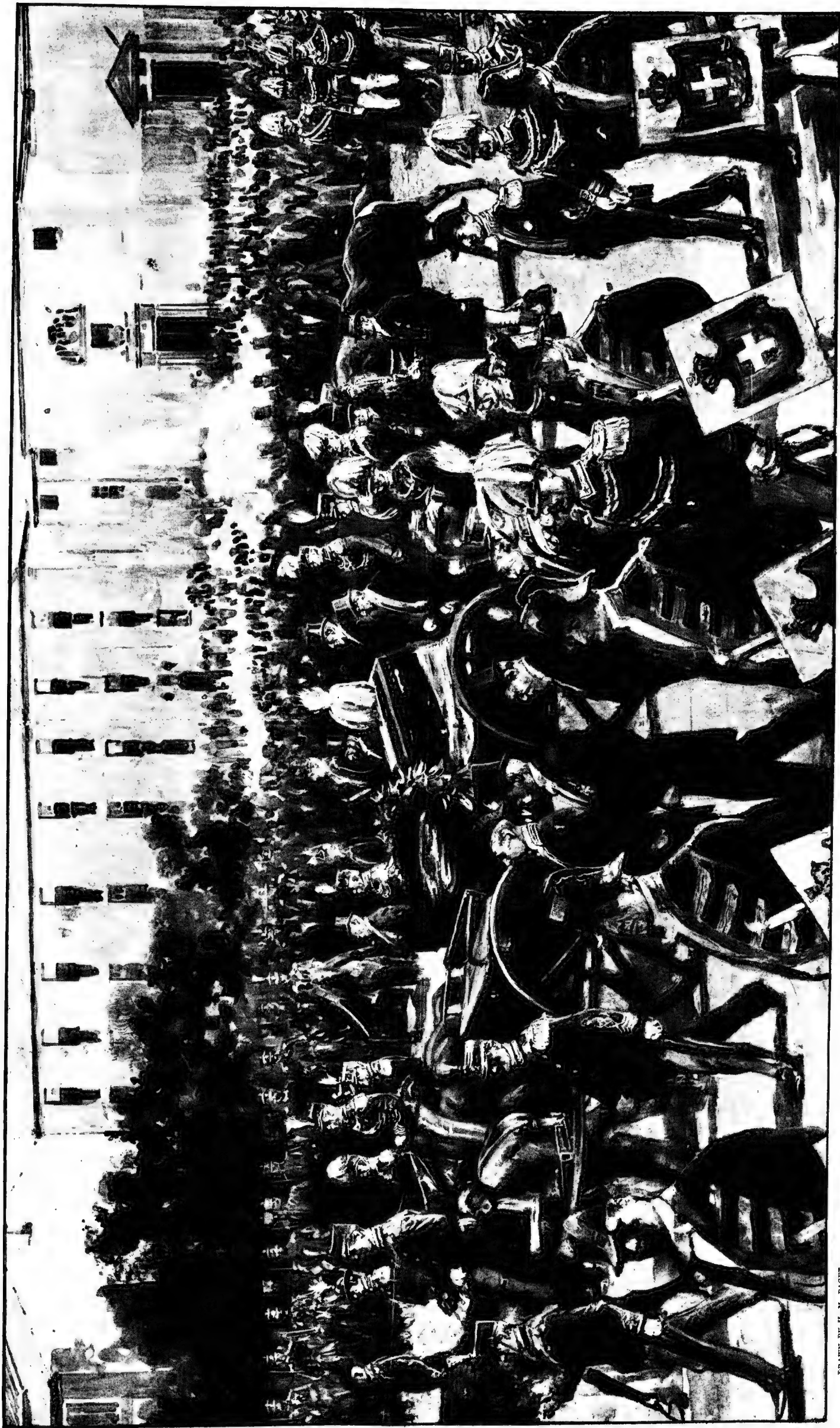


THE LATE CAPTAIN P. H. A. LEGGETT
Died of wounds received at Kumassi

still further reduced and it was decided partially to evacuate the town. On June 23 a column, under Major Morris, whom were the Governor and Lady Hodgson and other Europeans, moved out of Kumassi. There was continuous fighting and to increase the difficulties of the force a tornado fell upon them. Still the column pressed on and gradually passed through the dense jungle out of the enemy's country. The sufferings of all, especially of the wounded, were terrible. Captain Leggett dying on the march, but the intrepid little column reached the coast more dead than alive on July 11, after a march of nearly three weeks from Kumassi.

Major Arthur Henry Morris, D.S.O., belongs to the Royal West Kent Regiment. He was thirty-nine this year, and joined his regiment from the Militia in January, 1883. He served in the Sudan Expedition of 1884-5, in the Burmese Expedition of 1885-6, and in the Chin Lushai Expedition of 1889-90. In the last two campaigns he was mentioned in despatches, and in the Chin Lushai campaign he won the D.S.O.

Captain Percival Henry A. Leggett, 3rd Battalion Worcester Regiment, who died of wounds received in action at Kumassi, obtained his company February 17, 1894, and was appointed Assistant Inspector Gold Coast Constabulary, December 18, 1895. He had rendered good service to the Colonial Office, and was much beloved by those among whom his lot had been cast on the West Coast. Captain Leggett was the eldest son of the late Captain Robert Aufrere Leggett, and was thirty-six years of age. Our portrait is by Colebrook, Sidcup.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

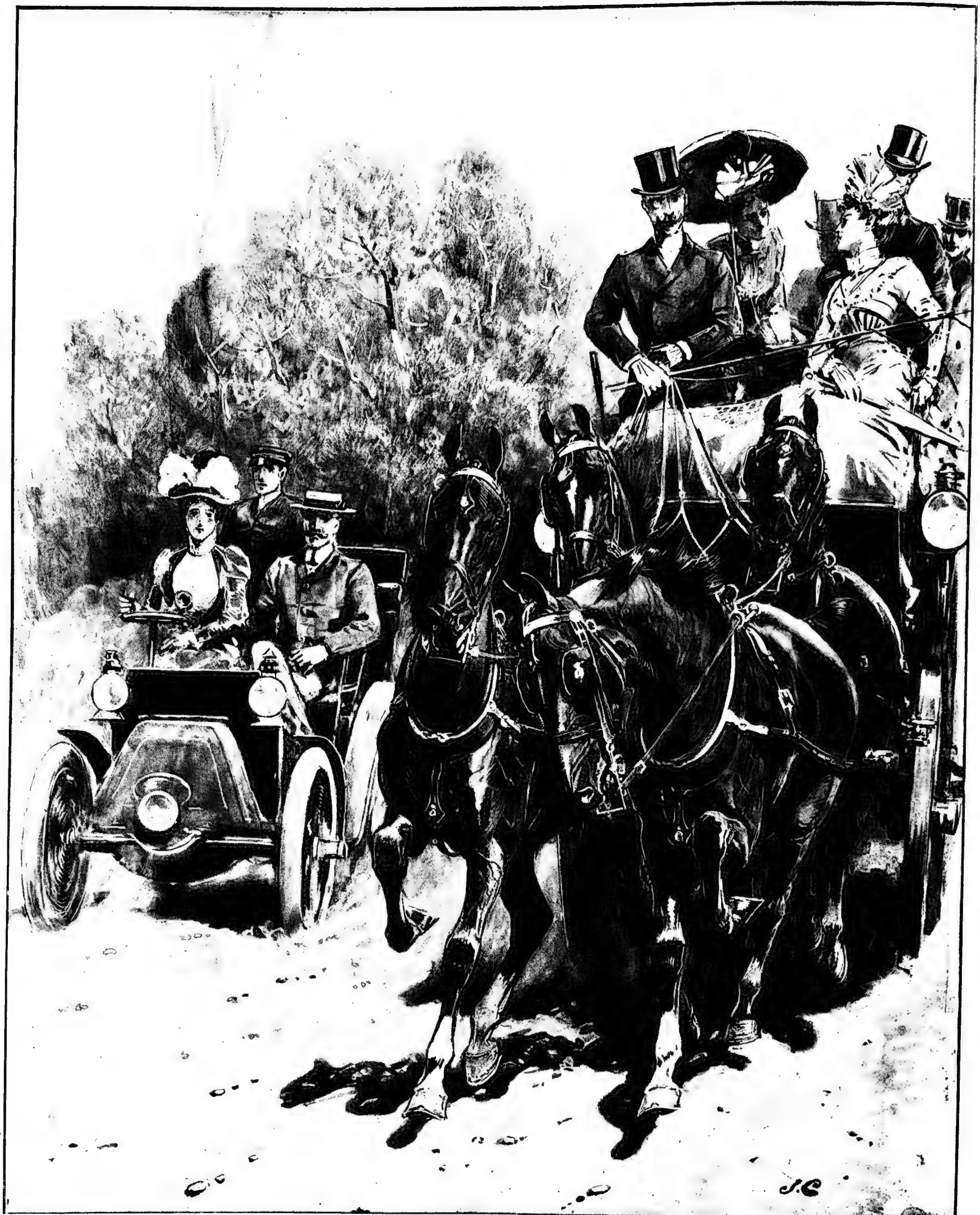
The body of King Humbert was carried from the railway-station to the Pantheon on a gun-carriage. This was flanked by the Premier, the Vice-President of the Senate, the Minister

of Foreign Affairs, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, and two Knights of the Annunciation. General di Marzano followed, carrying the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy

on a cushion. Then came the mourners on foot—the King, with the Princes of the Italian Royal House, and the Special Representatives of foreign Sovereigns and States

THE FUNERAL OF THE KING OF ITALY: THE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE PANTHEON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BIANCHINI



THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW: A SCENE AT RANELAGH

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



"Soon they jogged forward, the big horse taking little account of Sarah's extra weight"

THE MOUND BY THE WAY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

VII.

FROM that day forward John Aggett exhibited a spectacle of reckless indifference to circumstances, and a manner of life lightened only by occasional periods of sobriety and self-command. As to how it fared with Timothy and Sarah he cared not. Others ceased to speak of the matter in his presence, and thus it happened that he went in ignorance of events for the space of five weeks. During that period he loafed at the Green Man Inn until his money was spent, then returned to dwell with his mother.

Meantime, Timothy Chave's romance prospered ill despite his rival's endeavour to make the way easy. Other obstacles now confronted him, and though Sarah was well content to live in the delight of each hour with her lover, Tim found delay less easily borne, and struggled to change Mr. Chave's attitude towards his desires. But it proved useless, and the young man chafed in vain. He assured Sarah that his father was only an obstinate elder and would surely be won to reason in good time; but the full significance of her engagement with Timothy, as his father viewed it, she did not know, and never would have heard from Tim's lips. There happened, however, an accidental meeting between Sarah and Farmer Chave himself, and this brushed all mystery or doubt from the girl's mind, opened her eyes to the gravity of Tim's actions, and left her face to face with the truth.

Not far distant from Throwley, in the direction of Okehampton, a river bubbles down between Cosdon Beacon and the Belstone tors. At Sticklepath, a hamlet in the valley, it passed then as now beneath a wooden bridge; and here, Sarah on foot, with her face set homewards, one day observed Farmer Chave riding back from Okehampton market to Throwley on a big bay horse. He saw her too, eyed her narrowly and slackened speed, while she wished the road might open and swallow her from his sight. But there was no escape, so she curtsied and turned her face away. He returned the salute, and seeing, as he believed, a possibility of setting all right on the spot by one great master-stroke, attempted the same.

"Ah, my gal; Belworthy's daughter, ban't 'e? A peart maid an' well thought on, I doubt not. Be you gwaine home-along?"

Sarah's heart fluttered at this genial salutation.

"Ess, sir," she said.

"Then I'll lighten your journey. I hav'n't got the double saddle, but you'm awnly a feather-weight and can ride pillion behind me an' save your shoes."

The mode of travel he suggested was common enough in those days, but such a proposal from Tim's father frightened Sarah not

a little. Her first thought was for herself, her second for her sweetheart; so she nerved herself to accept the farmer's offer.

"I'm sure you'm very kind, sir, but —"

"No 'buts.' Here's a doorstone will make a splendid upping-stock, an' 'Sparky' can carry the pair of us without knowing his load be increased. Up you get! Theer's plenty of room for my fardels in front o' the pommel. Us won't bate our pace for you, I promise. Now jump! Whoa, bwoy! Theer we are. Just put your arms around my flannel waistcoat an' doan't be shy. 'Tis well I met 'e, come to think on't, for I wanted a matter o' few words."

Soon they jogged forward, the big horse taking little account of Sarah's extra weight. At length they rode where heavy peat pathways cut the foothills of Cosdon, and hut circles of the vanished stone men glimmered grey upon the waste. Then Farmer Chave spoke suddenly.

"My life's been wisht of late days along wi' taking thought for my son, Tim. You've heard tell of un? You see, 'tis my wish to have un mated wi' his cousin. But I'm led to understand as theer's a gal up-long he thinks he likes better; an' her name's same as yours, Sarah Belworthy."

"Oh, Maister Chave, I do love un wi' a full heart, I do."

"So you done to that red man, Jan Aggett?"

"'Tweern't the same. When Maister Timothy comed, I seed differ'nt."

"Doan't shake an' tremble. You'll never have no reason to fear me. Tell me how 'twas. Jan gived 'e up—eh?"

"Ess, he did."

"Why for?"

"For love of me."

"Ah! Now that was a braave fashion deed. I allus thought a lot of the man, an' I'm sorry you've sent un to the devil, wheer they tell me he's gone of late days."

"He'm a gude man, an' I wish to God as something could be done to bring him back in the right road."

"Ess fay! An' you'm the one as would have to look the shortest distance to find a way do it, Sarah. A brave example that man, for all his foolishness since. Loved 'e well enough to leave 'e—for your own gude, he did—eh?"

"God bless him for doin' it."

"Why doan't 'e go back to un?"

"I cannot, I cannot now."

"Ah, man's love be getter'n women's by the look of it. What gal would have done same as that man done? What gal would

give up a man for love of him an' leave un for his gude? Not wan as ever I heard tell of."

"Many an' many would for that matter—if thee love be big enough."

"Be yours? That's the question I'd ax 'e."

Sarah's heart sank low; Mr. Chave felt her shiver and the hands on his thick waistcoat tremble. Looking down, he saw her fingers peeping out of woollen mittens; and upon one, sacred to the ring, a small gold hoop appeared with a coral bead set therein.

Sarah did not answer the last pointed question, and Farmer Chave continued.

"I knaw you've promised to be wife to my son, 'an I knaw he've taken partickler gude care to hide from you my view of the question. But you must hear it, for your awn sake as well as his an' mine. I've nothin' against you, Sarah, nothin', an' less than nothin', for I like you well an' wish to see you so gude as you'm purty an' so happy as you'm gude; but I knaw my son for a lad of light purposes an' weak will an' wrong ambitions. Ban't enough iron in un, an' the maid I'm set on for un have got a plenty backbone to make up for his lack. He's to wed her in fulness o' time, if I've any voice left in affairs, an' if he doan't 'tis gude-bye to Cridland Barton for him, an' gude-bye to more'n that. So theer he stands, Sarah Belworthy, an' you'd best to hear what it means. Maybe you thought you was makin' choice between a labourin' man an' a gentleman, between a pauper an' a young chap wi' his pockets full o' money. Bat ban't so, I assure 'e. 'Tis the gentleman 'll be the pauper if he marries you; but Jan Aggett—why I offered un my cottage in Longley Bottom free o' rent from the day as your banns was axed in marriage wi' un to Throwley Church. That's the man as gived 'e up for love of 'e. An' ban't you so strong as him?"

"Tu gude he was—tu gude for the likes o' me."

"Well, as to t'other, though he's my awn son, blamed if I think he's gude enough. But that's neither here nor theer. The question ban't what sort of love he's got for you, but what sort you've got for him. Do 'e follow my meanin'? I doan't storm or rave, you see—tu wise for that. I awnly bid you think serious whether your feeling for Timothy's the sort to ruin him or to save him from ruin. 'Tis a hard choice for 'e, but we'm all faaced wi' ugly puzzles 'pon the crossways o' life. Now you knaw my 'pinions, you'll do what's right, or you'm not the gal I think 'e."

"I must give un up for all time?"

"Best not put it that way. Doan't drag my rascal of a bwoy in

the argument. Say to yourself I must mate wi' him as I promised to mate—him that's wastin' his life an' gwaive all wrong for love o' me. 'Tis plain duty, woman, looked at right. Not that I'd rob 'e of the pleasure of knowin' you'd done a gert deed if you gived Tim up; but t'other's the man as you've got to think of; an', if you do this gude thing, 'tis awnly just similar as he done for you. Wi' Jan Aggett be your happiness wrapped up, if you could awnly see it. An' Jan's much more like to go well in marriage harness than my son be, or I doan't know character."

"I'll try, I'll try. Its more than I've heart or strength for. But I'll try, Maister Chave. I'll try to do right by both of them."

"Who could say fairer? An' here's the lane to blacksmith's, so I'll drop 'e. And give your father my respects, an' tell un I want un to-morrow to the farm."

After Sarah had dismounted the farmer spoke again.

"Take to heart what I've said to 'e, an' remember that to please me won't be a bad action from a worldly side. Go back to Jan Aggett, Sarah Belworthy; that's my advice to you, an' angels from heaven couldn't give 'e no better, 'cause theer ban't room for two pinions. Now let me hear what metal you'm made of, an' that afore the week be out. So gude night."

The man trotted off with knees stiff and elbows at right angles to his body; the girl entered her home, and that night, tossing and turning wearily, thrice she decided to give up her lover and thrice determined to take no definite step until she had again seen and spoken with Timothy. But her heart told her that such a course was, of all, the weakest. Presently she assured herself that many plans might be pursued and that wide choice of action lay before her. Then John Aggett chiefly occupied her thoughts. To go back to him now appeared absolutely impossible. He had given her up, at a cost even she but dimly guessed, and to return into his troubled life again struck her as a deed beyond measure difficult and dangerous.

Long she reflected miserably on the sorrow of her lot; then, in the small hours of morning, and upon the threshold of sleep, Sarah determined to let another judge of her right course of conduct and dictate it to her.

"'Twas the white witch, Gammer Gurney, as foretold Tim would marry me that terrible night," she thought; "then 'tis for she to say what I should do an' what I shouldn't do. If 'tis ordained by higher things than men-folk as I'm to have Tim, what's the use o' weepin' 'cause Farmer Chave wishes differnt?"

There was a sort of comfort in this philosophy; but her grey eyes closed upon a wet pillow as she slept, to wake with sudden starts and twitches from visions in great aisles of gloom, from dim knowledge of horrors hidden behind storm clouds, from the murmur of remote callings and threatenings and cries of woe, from sinister dream-scenery and dread begotten of a heavy heart, and an outlook wholly desolate.

VIII.

WITH morning light Sarah's decision to visit Gammer Gurney was still strong in her, and she determined to call upon the white witch before another nightfall. It was this enterprise that precipitated affairs and brought their end within sight.

Upon the evening that saw Sarah riding pillion with Farmer Chave, John Aggett had met the Vicar of Throwley, one Reverend Cosmo Hawkes. The parson, who was a keen sportsman, came across John upon the moor, and improved his occasion to such good purpose that Aggett's ears tingled before the man of God had done with him. They returned together, and on the way home Mr. Hawkes, with admirable pertinacity, so hammered and pounded the erring labourer that he alarmed him into frank regret for his evil ways. The reckless and unhappy young man was steadied by his minister's forcible description of what most surely awaits all evil livers; and when Mr. Hawkes, striking while the iron was hot, undertook to get Aggett good and enduring work at Tavistock, upon the other side of the moor, John promised to comply, and to reform his bad courses from that day forth. The decision came to him, he spent his last hours of freedom in folly. That night he drank hard, and when deep measures had loosened his tongue, explained to numerous Green Man gossips the thing he proposed to do. Afterwards, when the over-dose of drink in him had turned to poison, hope died again, and his mother, listening fearfully at his door, heard him muttering and cursing and growling of death as the only friend left to him. In the morning he was oppressed by the immediate prospect of breathing the same air with Sarah Belworthy no more. He alternated between savage indifference and stubborn fatalism. In the first mood he was minded to depart at once; in the second he felt disposed to seek out Tim Chave, and let the brute in him have its fling. He itched for batterings in the flesh. But he visited the vicarage, obtained a letter of introduction from Mr. Hawkes, and then seriously set himself to the task of preparing for departure. He told his mother that he would return within a fortnight, and she rejoiced, feeling his temporary absence a light evil as compared with his present life. But the truth—that he was leaving home not to return—she never suspected. All preliminary matters arranged, John Aggett bid the old woman farewell, lifted his bundle and set out, after an early dinner, for Princetown. At Princetown he designed to lie that night, then proceed by an easy stage to Tavistock next morning. He set out soon after midday, and, as he passed Sarah Belworthy's home and saw the crocketed turret of Throwley Church sink into the naked web of the woods, a dark inclination mastered him again, and passions that craved outlet in violence clouded down stormily upon his soul. But resolutely he carried his turmoil of thoughts along at the rate of four miles an hour, and quickly passing beyond the confines of his native parish entered the skirts of the Moor. Then, as there appeared the spectacle of Gammer Gurney's cottage, standing in its innocent humility and forlorn loneliness upon the moor edge, John observed a woman ahead of him and realised that the last familiar face his eyes would rest upon must be Sarah Belworthy's. Guessing her errand he slackened his pace that she might reach the cottage and disappear without knowledge of his presence, but as he walked more slowly, so did Sarah, though quite unconscious of the fact her old lover was at hand; and presently, to his astonishment, the girl stopped altogether, hesitated, and sat down by the wayside on a boulder. A determination not to avoid her now influenced Aggett. He approached, and, as he reached her and stood still Sarah grew very pale and showed some fear.

"You, Jan? An' settin' forth 'pon a journey by the look of it. Wheer be gwaive?"

"Out of this anyway."

"For long?"

"Caan't say as to that. I ban't myself of late days, not my awn man as I used to be. God knows wheer my changed temper's like to drive me in the end."

"'Tis a terrible cruel maze of a world. I doan't know my duty no clearer now than afore. I'm torn to pieces wan way an' another, an' theer won't be much left o' me worth any man's love come bimeby. Sometimes I think I'll run right away to next giglet-market * to Okehampton, come Our Lady's Day, an' hire myself out to the fust as axes, an' never set eyes on this place no more."

"Ban't 'e happy yet then? What more do 'e want?"

"My love's a curse wheer it falls. I loved 'e an' brought 'e to bad ways; an' Tim—I've set his nearest an' dearest against un. I seed Farmer Chave yesterday, an' he urged me by the Book to give un up."

"Struth! He said that, did he? But you didn't fall in wi' it, I reckon; else you wouldn't be here now?"

"'Tis all tu difficult for the likes o' me. What's a poor maiden to do? If I takes Tim he'll be a ruined man 'cordin' to his father."

"'Twas a mean, cowardly trick to threaten 'e."

"But plain truth—I could see that. A terrible tantara theer'll be in Throwley if he braves the anger of his father. I've prayed an' prayed—Lard He knows how I've prayed—'pon it, but—"

"Prayers won't help 'e. I've knelt to the Throne, tu, in my time, an' lifted up far-reachin' prayers, the best I could; but never no answer—never so much as a voice in the night to help."

"You done right to pray an' you was led right, though you didn't know it. An' you'm well thought of for what you've done still, despite your fallin' away arterwards."

"Never mind 'bout me. I be gwaive far ways off, an' so like's not us'll never set eyes 'pon each other more. For me, I'd so soon end all as not. But for mother I should have got out of it afore now, for I ban't feared o' dyin', an' would go out o' hand this minute. But you? Caan't the man help 'e? Do he know your fix? What the devil be he made of? Sugar?"

"He doan't know yet that I've spoke wi' his father. An' he've been careful to hide that his folks was against me. I s'pose 'tis natural they should be so."

"Ess—not knowin' you."

"An' in my gert quandary I was gwaive in to Mother Gurney here. She's juggled wi' my life afore, seemin'ly, an' if any knows what's to be the end of it 'tis her, I should think. I want to hear what's right an' proper. I'm so weary of my days as you. Life an' love be gall-bitter this way. Oh, Jan, caan't 'e say nought to comfort me? 'Tis more'n I can bear."

She was hysterical, and he flung down his bundle and sat beside her and tried to bring some peace to her spirit. His heart was full for her and he spoke eagerly. Then he saw the gold and coral on her finger and stopped talking, and put his elbows on his knees and his big red head down on his hands.

"'Twas what you done, 'twas same as what you done," she said. "You left me for love of me; why caan't I leave Tim for love of him?"

"'Tis axin' a woman tu much."

A long silence reigned. Rough ponies stamped and snorted close at hand, and from a window in the neighbouring cottage a sharp eye watched the man and woman. Gammer was counting the chances of a customer, possibly two.

Fired with a glimmer of the hope that can never perish in any lover's breast while the maid is free, John Aggett argued the advantages of obedience to Farmer Chave. He felt himself base in this, but Sarah was under his eyes, within reach of his arm. Her hot tears were on his hand.

"'Tis for you I be thinkin', though you might say 'twas two words for myself an' but wan for you. I wants your sorrer turned into joy, Sally, if it's a thing can be done. Leave me out—there—now ban't thinkin' for myself at all. Leave me out, an' leave him out an' bide a maid till the right man finds 'e. I lay he haven't crossed your path yet. Give young Chave up for your awn sake, if not his, an' look life in the face again free."

He continued fitfully in this strain, quenching his own dim hope remorselessly as he spoke, and she, hearing little save the drone of his voice, occupied herself with her own thoughts. Her emotions towards John Aggett had never much changed. Her love for Tim being a feeling of different and higher quality had left her temperate, if sincere, regard for John unmoved. Possibly his own action in the past had rendered her more kindly disposed to him than before. There certainly existed in her mind a homespun, drab regard for him, and circumstances had not changed it.

Now as he strengthened her determination to give up her lover for her lover's good, and despite the bitterness of her spirit before the sacrifice, she could find some room in her mind for the man before her. To-day the presence of Sarah woke the finest note in John. His first dim hope was extinguished; he soared above it, resolutely banished any personal interest in the problem now to be solved, and assumed that Sarah had similarly obliterated him from all considerations of the future. But it was not so.

Presently the girl declared her mind to be made up and promised that she would break off her engagement. For a moment the other showed hearty satisfaction, then his forehead grew wrinkled.

"Wan thing mind," he said. "My name must not crop up no more in this. Ban't that I fear anything that man can do, but theer'll be no weight to what you sez unless you make it clear 'tis your awn thought. 'Tis you I care about—an' 'tis him you care about. I be as good as gone a'ready. 'Twas mere chance thrawed us together, an' none need know 'bout it."

She was silent awhile, then put her hand out to him.

"I do owe you more'n ever a maid owed a man, I reckon."

He took and held the hand extended.

"You cannot help what's past and gone. Just call me home to your mind now an' again—that's all I ax 'e. But 'tis time I was travellin', for I've got long ways to go to-day."

Even in her misery she took a mournful pleasure at her power to command.

"Sit down an' bide till I bid you go," she said.

* *Giglet-market.* A hiring fair for domestic servants, held in times past at Okehampton, South Molton and elsewhere, on Lady Day.

He obeyed, resumed the seat from which he had risen, and untied his bundle, but did not speak.

"If us could call back a year an' begin livin' all over ag—"

He looked down at her, puzzled.

"A many would give their sawls to go back a bit; but about the awnly thing God A'mighty's self can't do, I reck more'n His power to give back easterday."

"He can do it His awn way. He can help us poor creatures to forget."

"So can a pint o' auld ale; not but them around about mostly looks to it that the raw of sorrow shan't heal tu, want of callin' to mind."

"Jan, I'm gwaive to give un up—to give un up, time. I shall allus love him, Jan, because I must. I more'n my power to help. An' you—you mustn't go out o' world and wander 'pon the airth an' maybe never come no more through fault of mine. Ban't fair as two men break their hearts an' have their days ruined for wan woman. What I am, I am; what I felt for you, Jan, I feel—to no less. 'Tisn't I loved you less afore Timothy; but him ne 'tis unmaidenly so to say, rebuke me, Jan."

Then she deliberately came into his life again for the third time and he was overwhelmed. And yet his answer was one of savage fierceness. Joy shook him too—a sort of incredulous when one dreams rare things, yet knows that one dream mingled emotions of the time upset his self-control, induced of tense excitation and rendered his voice indistinct, numbing as that of a man drunken or cleft in palate.

"That! That! You say that to me—arter all these long days! To come back now! God in Heaven, what a dance our days be! Now here, now there—llovel! even so light as thistle-down. I doan't know wheer I stand; I'm as a sheep this minute. An' you'd come back to me now?"

"I would, Jan. I will."

"An' live man an' wife to the li'l lew cot offered us, gudeness of Farmer?"

"No, not that. I couldn't do that. You've a heart soft to understand. I'll go with 'e, wheer you be gwaive say, very day, I will. But I can't bide here. I must get far away—from mother an' father an' all. Then us can send a p 'em from far off. Anywheer but Throwley, Jan."

"You'm in Bible earnest, Sarah?"

"God's my witness I be."

"Then He's my witness tu, that I stand here a new man, not shamed o' the crumbs from t'other's table. You to back! 'Tis more'n my deserts—such a drunken swine as I've been since—"

He paused a moment, then his manner changed suddenly, and gripped the girl's arm so hard and glared so wildly that Gammer Gurney from her window feared a serious quarrel and nearly ran out to separate them.

"Mind this, then," he said, with harsh intensity. "More now: you'm my whole life again—body an' bones an' heart sawl, from this moment onward. Theer's gwaive to be no changing now, no more altering your mind, or, by Christ, I w answer for myself. I ban't so strong o' character as I was, an' you've come to me of your awn free will, mine you'll till death ends it; an' Lard help them as try to keep us apart. Lard help 'em an' deliver 'em from me. You've come, an' I 'e, trust 'e same as I trust the sun to rise. But if you turn awer again I'll—no matter to speak on that. Awily I'll be as steel to 'e; an' you must play your part an' look awery shoulder no more. You've spawk out o' your heart, me o' mine, so let it be."

She was alarmed at this outburst uttered with savage energy in loud accents. But it served its purpose and impressed a vacillating spirit with the impossibility of any further changes.

"We've been up and down, him an' me, full long en continued Aggett. "Now, thanks be to a just God as I'd forgot, you've come back to me, an' I could crawl like a me cock to think it. An' now, what'll please 'e to do? Will 'e along o' me this minute?"

"Ess—no—not now; but to-night I might. I must go an' put together a few things an' pack up others. I can send to home for my li'l box later."

"To-night, then. I'll change my plans and go to Okehampton to-night, an' us can get by the stage to Tavistock to-morrow. Theer us'll be axed out in church straightway. Come to be, 'twould be better for you to bide along wi' your folk until I ready for 'e a week or two hence."

"No—I—"

She was going to confess that she could not do herself.

"Why for not?"

"I won't stop here without you. I'll come. They can hear truth after I have gone."

"To-night then," he said.

"Wheer shall I meet 'e to?"

"By the gert fir—you know. Through the woods be the best road for us. To the gert fir-tree, wheer I set our letters in a tangle knot. No better place. Theer I'll come, and theer I'll wait see 'e when the church clock strikes eight. An' doan't 'e keep waitin'—not a moment, not the atom of a moment! I've waited through enough, an' my brain spins yet to think o' the past. So more I can't—no more at all. You'll be sorry to your dyin' if you'm late. Better never come than that. My head I feel strange things at this wonderfull happening—strange things, but I'll say no more than bid you be to the fir by the stroke of eight if 'tis true that you love me an' not false. Be that you'll awnly repent it once, Sarah, an' that's so long as you live ever arter."

He harped sternly on the certainty of some sinister event that should fail him. He exhibited little love now and less tenderness; almost appeared that a mind long familiar with darkness was unable to accept and understand the light suddenly shed upon it. A mournful note of catastrophe sounded in his words, and seemed shadowed in his stormy eyes.

"You fright me," said Sarah. "You doan't take me as I hope you would. You ban't your auld self yet. How should you care that matter? 'Tis awnly poor second-hand goods I'm bringin' to 'e."

"Not so. 'Tis what I had fust promise of. I'll be all a maid."

can be to 'e—all I should be. Forgive me for harsh words; but I be dazed wi' this gert come-along-o'-it. I've been sore let for many days, an' 'twill take time to make me see wi' the auld eyes when the rains in my head graw sweet an' cool again, an' the poison works out of 'em."

They talked a little while longer, then the white witch from her chamber window saw them turn and together retrace their steps.

(To be concluded)

A Medical Officer's Experiences in the South African Campaign.—IV.

By S. OSBORN

THE town of Boshof was to prove a very eventful place. Our first and constant enemies were the flies, which were awful, and wonder was where they all came from. The top of the inside of the tent was black with them, and towards evening, becoming tired or numbed by cold, would drop off. It was no uncommon occurrence to see a visitor as he sat at dinner constantly remove these offenders as they dropped on to the top of his head. We tried Tangle Foot, a sort of American "Catch 'em alive, oh," with some success, until the papers blew about and tangle-footed the clean knives and forks as well as the temper of our long-suffering mess servant. Someone said try burning paper close under the inside of the tent. This certainly cleared them off for the time, but at the risk of setting fire to the inner lining of the tent, and with the result of burning a hole in the seat of a canvas chair. One of the tortoise tents did catch fire on one occasion through an officer, after making an elaborate toilet for dinner, leaving his lamp burning inside the waggon, alongside its canvas cover. A big conflagration soon took place, which looked as if not only the tortoise waggon but the tent over it would be destroyed also. Luckily I found some water in a bath which had been used just before dinner, and throwing it up into the top of the tent it fell down the sides and the situation was saved. Our digestion at that mess dinner was rudely interfered with.

The position apportioned to our Field Hospital in the Boshof Camp was between the cemetery wall, loopholed for musketry, on the one hand, and a kopje on the other, upon which was the signalling station and an embrasure for a gun. We saw at once on getting our tents pitched that we were in a warm corner should an engagement take place, and to have blamed the Boers for firing upon the Red Cross flag would have been ridiculous, as we were placed undoubtedly in a strategical position. This proved subsequently correct, as in the plan of the night attack found in the possession of General de Villebois Mareuil it was at this point that the attack was to commence, and on the very night that we took up our position. Now began work in earnest, and the Imperial Yeomanry received their baptism of fire, and a terribly wet night it was, sufficient to damp any one's ardour. The enemies' forces were under the command of that very able and gallant Frenchman, General Villebois, who fell at the head of his gallant band of followers, who were largely composed of Frenchmen; not a Boer amongst them, for they, to the number of several hundreds, had deserted and abandoned their friends when actual fighting began. We lost two officers, Lieutenants Boyle and Williams, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's husband, besides having several wounded. Amongst the latter was Mr. A. Little, an old Eton boy, who was shot through the lungs, but who subsequently made a wonderful recovery. The wounded were brought into hospital about twelve o'clock at night, and I was up dressing their wounds until well into the morning. Amongst those brought in wounded were some nine or ten Frenchmen, Monsieur Feissal, a cousin of Count Villebois, amongst the number. It is gratifying to know that they expressed the greatest satisfaction at the manner in which they were treated. In fact, I possess some most gratifying mementoes of their stay in our hospital, which they insisted upon my keeping when they bade me farewell; for, not only looking after their necessary requirements, I supplied them with tobacco and cigarettes *ad lib.*, and wrote forwards letters for them to their relations and friends at home. The funeral of General de Villebois was one of the most impressive spectacles I have ever witnessed. It took place in the dusk of the evening, with thunder reverberating in the distance, and with an occasional flash of lightning across the sky. All the troops were drawn up in three sides of a square, General Methuen, his staff and the French prisoners being also present. The body was carried between two lines of the soldiers, who saluted as it passed. There was no band in the camp to play the Funeral March from *Saul*, but, what was far more impressive, all the bugles rang out in unison the call of "The Last Post." Nothing could have been more appropriate nor more in keeping with a soldier's funeral. Lord Methuen subsequently ordered a tombstone to be erected to the memory of a true and gallant soldier, although ere now an enemy.

It was after this engagement at Boshof that I first saw a wound inflicted by the so-called explosive bullet, and a ghastly wound of exit it produced. It is wrongly termed explosive, it should be expansive. This is due to the nose of the bullet being removed, making it soft-nosed, as a result of which on reaching its billet it becomes mushroom-shaped. I must here make a few

remarks in justice to our enemy. Blame has on several occasions been given to the Boers wrongfully. To commence with these expansive bullets. Every head man of a village had to summon to arms all men from surrounding farms, who had to bring with them their own weapons and ammunition. No service ammunition was regularly supplied, therefore they brought buckshot and soft-nosed bullets, which they were in the habit of using for shooting big game, &c., and which they had by them: hence their use, but without any evil intent. They were also accused of using poisoned copper bullets. This is also untrue. These bullets produced no poisonous wounds, and the wax in which the points had been dipped was to prevent the cartridge suffering from damp, and supplied a hermetical closing between the brass capsule and the bullet, and thus prevented rusting and fouling of the gun barrel. The same thing is familiar to everybody in the green tears of a wax candle on a brass candlestick, which are really carbonate of copper. To shoot at the Red Cross Flag of Geneva has been attributed to them, and if that is placed in a strategical position, as it was at Boshof, I am not surprised at it. Again, after the white flag has been raised they have undoubtedly continued firing, but what is plainly visible to the advancing foe is not so easily seen on the enemy's side when they are in an extended formation and in the excitement of battle. I do not mean to say that they have not been to blame on some or even many occasions, but we, as true Englishmen, like to give every devil his due. To show the readiness to attribute evil to the Boers we had another example whilst at Boshof. A message came into our camp for the ambulance to go out to a wounded Yeoman, who had been shot in the leg when out scouting. It was verbally reported and subsequently circulated in print in these terms:—

"The Boers stripped him naked, taking even his shirt, and our ambulance picked him up in that condition."

Whereas the truth was this:—We drove out about five miles, taking with us all necessaries, rugs, bandages, &c., as we heard that not only had he been stripped naked, but that his wound was undressed and that he had been lying exposed to the heat of the sun all day. When we arrived we found that the man had his coat off, which had been rolled up as a pillow for his head. His wound had been dressed, and his leg placed in the most comfortable position possible. Not only that, but the enemy had told him that if the English ambulance did not come to fetch him in before dark they would come out with their own ambulance and take him into their camp. In fact the Boers had done everything they could for him.

In my opinion I do not believe a war was ever before conducted on such amiable principles and with so many pleasantries.

We all know the jocularity of the messages which passed between General Baden-Powell and his besiegers. The same thing occurred with us. At the signalling station close to our camp came the following messages flashed in by heliograph:—

"We are coming in to-night, so get the whiskey ready."

"If you haven't got any whiskey we will bring it in with us."

"How is Doctor Jameson?" And then they ended up with,

"God save the Queen."

(To be continued)

"Recollections of My Life"*

IN reading these memoirs one cannot help being struck, not only by the amount, but also the variety of work that the author has compressed into his long and singularly eventful life.

Even during his leisure—if one may call it so—his usual pastime was hard work, or it would have been to any other man but he. To make use of a sailor's expression, "he knocked off work to carry plank."

Sir Joseph Fayrer was born in Plymouth in 1824, and in 1840 began to study engineering, but finding it unsuited to his taste and being too old for the Navy (in which his father had served), he joined the West Indian Mail Steampacket service as a midshipman. In this capacity he visited the West Indies and the South American ports, returning home in 1844, when he immediately made arrangements for joining the Charing Cross School of Medicine. In 1847 he was qualified and was appointed to H.M.S. *Victory*, for service at Haslar, and soon after accompanied Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, as his medical adviser, to the Mediterranean, where he was able to render valuable aid to the unfortunate Sicilians who were wounded during the revolution in that island. Upon his return to England he decided not to rejoin the Navy, and obtained first an appointment in the artillery, but eventually joined the East Indian Company's service as assistant surgeon, and sailed for India, where he was to spend so many eventful years of his life. After the Mutiny Sir Joseph returned to England, and was soon after appointed to the Medical Board of India, of which he later became President. He devoted himself to literature and experimental work, writing many valuable works on snake bites and their antidotes and on Indian diseases.

In these few words we have sketched the outline of a career that was devoted to work, the benefits of which humanity is now enjoying. "A prosaic enough existence!" our readers will say, after reading these lines. But when they come to look into the details they will come to the conclusion that few men have gone through more exciting experiences, or have met with more interesting adventures than has Sir Joseph Fayrer. In 1853, when twenty-eight years of age, Fayrer was appointed "Residency Surgeon" at Lucknow, and it is the story of his experiences in that city that form the most interesting chapters in the book. From June 30, 1857, when the close investment of the Residency began, to November 4, when the women, children, and wounded started on their forced march to Cawnpore, no man could have had more work on his hands than Sir Joseph Fayrer. A great number of wounded were brought in from the disastrous engagement at Chinlut, to which place a small force had been sent to disperse the rebels who were marching from Cawnpore. In addition to these, the defenders of the Residency were falling in ever-increasing numbers under the sustained and fierce fire of the enemy. On July 2 Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded. Overcome by work and heat he was lying on a couch when an 8 in. shell from a howitzer we had lost at Chinput exploded in his room. Of the four persons present, but one, Sir Henry's nephew, escaped injury. Sir Joseph gives a touching account of the gallant officer's death. "He was perfectly clear and collected, though much exhausted," he writes, "and gave full instructions as to what he wished to be done. He most earnestly abjured us never to surrender or treat with the enemy, and to do everything to protect the women and children, to economise provisions and defend the Residency to the last, or until relief should arrive. He took leave of us all in the most affecting manner, spoke most humbly of himself and all he had done, and expressed a desire that the only epitaph on his tomb should be—'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.'"

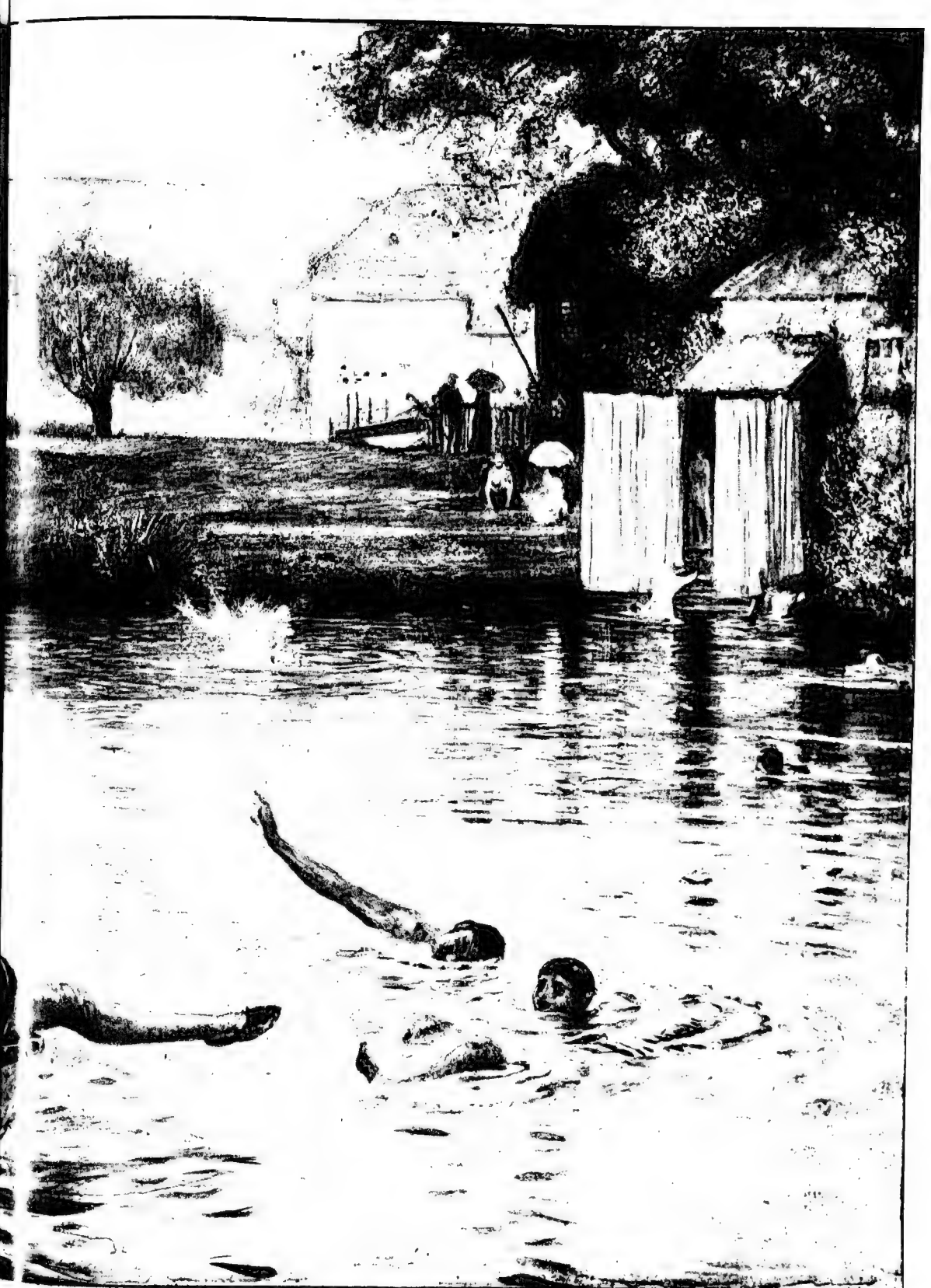
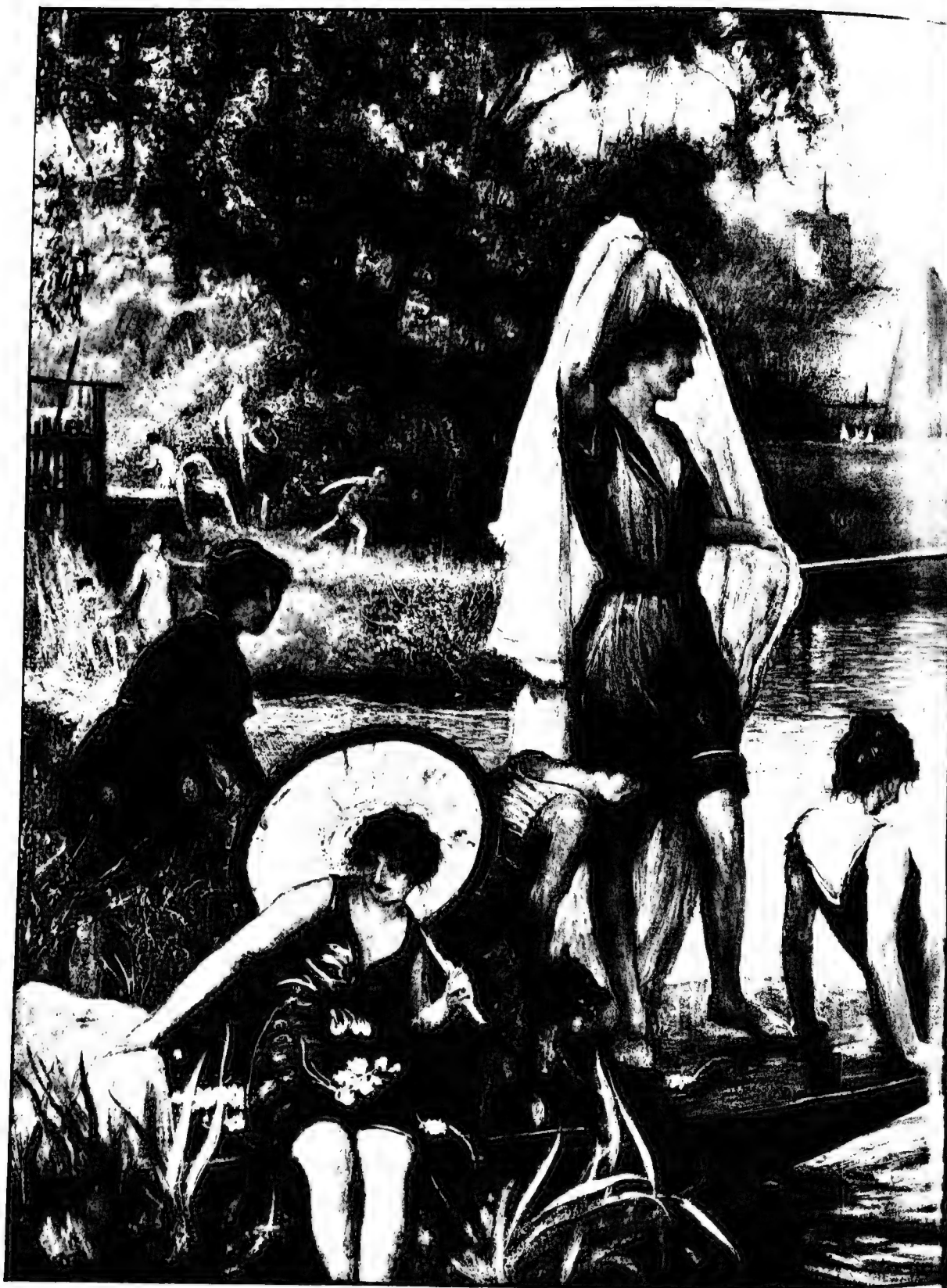
The book, which is well illustrated, is interesting from beginning to end. It is full of anecdotes of well-known people, and of travel and sport in India and in different European countries.

* "Recollections of My Life." By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bart. (Blackwood.)



Country-house toilette of grey étamine. The skirt is made with pleats of various widths, the material being cut away to form open work embroidery between the pleats. Along the hem runs a broad band of red spangles with grey paillettes, a narrower row edging the bodice, which also has tucks of open work embroidery. There is a small vest and high neck band of Irish lace, while below falls a round collar in red linen, embroidered with grey paillettes. Tight sleeves, tucked from elbow to shoulder.

COSTUME FOR COUNTRY-HOUSE VISITING



The water pool at Pangbourne is one of the best bathing places on the Thames. In our illustration the lock is on the other side of the distant bank. The lock-keeper has been seen with the water with boys of their acquaintance. Some of them can be seen swimming in the water. At midday may often be seen a lot of pretty girls from a tent among the trees of a lawn belonging to a villa on the banks of the river, in which the boys spend some time teaching some of the others.

WATER FROLICS: THE WATER POOL AT PANGBOURNE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. C. BETH, A.R.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE CENTURY

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.

Of the greatness of the office of Lord Chief Justice it were idle to speak. Justice that dwells "between the endless jar of right and wrong" has been administered in this country on sound principles (for though we have known a Titus Oates, we have not yet endured the administration of a Ross Croker) for a thousand years, and at the head of the administration of justice in England sits the Lord Chief Justice. Not so long ago this high office was buttressed and attended by two other offices of great dignity, the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, but these well-sounding titles have disappeared foolishly enough. The Master of the Rolls, who once sat in his own Court, has now become but one of three Judges of Appeal, and as for the Lord Chancellor, he and his mace would never be seen in the Royal Courts of Justice were it not that an occasional influenza, by laying low a member of the Appeal Court, necessitates, or at least suggests, the attendance of the Keeper of the Royal Conscience to make a quorum; the Attorney and Solicitor-General are now House of Commons men, permanent members of the Grand Committee on Law, and only occasionally wear their robes and claim their precedence as Advocates, and so it has come to pass that the Lord Chief Justice of England is left alone in his glory.

There have been seven holders of this great office during the century, and briefly to note their careers and observe their likenesses and unlikenesses one to another will establish at least one fact, that the Bar of England is an open profession.

In 1802 Edward Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, became Chief. He was then fifty-two, having been born in November, 1750. He was the son of a College Don who became a Bishop, was educated at Charterhouse and Cambridge, where he was Third Wrangler in 1771. From the first he was a quick-witted creature, eager to excel, and yet fond of pleasure. He got his Fellowship at Trinity, and lived laborious days as a special pleader under the Bar, not being called until 1780. He belonged to Lincoln's Inn. All great lawyers are known in connection with some one great, pre-eminently great, case, and Law's great case was the biggest of any, for he was retained to defend Warren Hastings. This "prancing proconsul" would have preferred Erskine, then the fashionable counsel, but the Whig proclivities of that great advocate lost him the brief. Law did all that could have been expected of him, he quarrelled with Burke, sparred with Sheridan, objected to the admissibility of evidence, and spoke for I know not how many days, and eventually got his man off



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EDWARD, LORD ELLENBOROUGH
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

reason the mob clamoured for Wall's blood, and they got it, for he was found guilty and swung by the neck. Ellenborough was what is called a strong judge; he once actually snubbed Nelson who, as a witness, was recounting the gallant services of a comrade whose character was called in question. To snub Nelson was, indeed, a feat, though the Admiralty had often performed it before. Another great trial over which Ellenborough presided, with perhaps too much vigour, was that of Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, for alleged stock-jobbing transactions.

Lord Ellenborough's decisions are largely obsolete, nor can it be said that in matters political or social he showed either insight or sympathy. He was no friend of the press, though a sound judge of literature. He was probably the wittiest of the seven Chief Justices, and many of his *facetiae* still provoke a smile. "In the Book of Nature it is written," exclaimed counsel. "Page, please," interpolated the Chief. Nor did the atmosphere of the House of Lords destroy his humour. A Bishop, whilst speaking, yawned. "Come, come," said Lord Ellenborough, "this fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but, for all that, he is encroaching on our province."

Ellenborough, who was a member in 1806 of the Cabinet known as "All the Talents," died in 1818, leaving 240,000*l.* behind him. So he was the wealthiest as well as the wittiest of the Chiefs. The salary in those days was 10,000*l.* a year.

Ellenborough's place was given to Sir Charles Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden. As Law was the son of a Bishop and a Cantab, so Abbott was the son of a barber and an Oxford man. He was born in Canterbury, where his father kept shop, in 1762, and was educated at the King's School of his native city. Hairdressing is a Tory trade, and the barber was a Churchman, else had there been no career for his son. Charles Abbott was a plodder who minded his book and took one step at a time. He was bitterly disappointed when he failed to be appointed "singing boy" in the Cathedral, but if he could not get one place he tried for another. He did well at school and obtained a scholarship at Corpus, Oxford, where he remained as scholar, Fellow and tutor for some years. Why he did not take orders is puzzling, but he did not, and eventually he bade Oxford farewell and began law as his predecessor had done, and as his successor was to do, as a special pleader. Abbott was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1796. He wrote a book on Merchant Shipping, which gave him a reputation, and very soon he was in possession of a large and lucrative practice. He is said to have made 8,000*l.* a year without his addressing a London jury in his life. In 1816 he became a Judge, and in 1818 Chief. He was not made a Peer till 1827. Tenterden was a straightforward, painstaking, narrow-minded man, not averse to small but useful law reforms, some of which he was able to carry into effect. He was a careful man, not forgetful of family claims. A brilliant successor of Lord Tenterden's loved to tell the tale how one morning, when the old Chief was riding to Westminster Hall on his steady, slow-going cob, the news reached him that a valuable patent office in his gift had become vacant. He instantly dismounted, remarking as he handed the cob over to his groom, "I will go the rest of the

way on foot. I must run no unnecessary risks until dear John's name is in that patent." Lord Tenterden was a praiseworthy man. He died in 1832.

The third Lord Chief Justice of the century sprang from a medical profession. Thomas Denman was born in a street bearing his honoured name off Golden Square on February 17, 1779. His father, his uncle, and his grandfather, were all practitioners, men of merit, learning, and Liberal proclivities. young Denman was first sent to Mrs. Barbauld's seminary and to Eton and Cambridge, where he became a scholar and a master of his native tongue. He first studied law as a special pleader and was an early, imprudent, and perfectly happy marriage. In 1806 he was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn, and had at first an anxious time, but in 1811 he was retained in Lord Cochrane's case, and afterwards did well. Denman was perhaps the best-looking of the Chief Justices of the century; his presence was noble, his voice musical, his style perfect. In all cases of public importance he was obviously the man. In 1817 a dreadful thing happened. Denman wrote a letter in which he called Miss Austen's "Emma" a silly book! The following year he entered the House of Commons, where opinions of that kind can be held with impunity. In 1820 he began that wretched, vulgar business known as the Queen's Trial, and Denman was appointed Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, Brougham being her Attorney-General. Denman is always said to have believed in his client's innocence. He may have done so, but he would not let Mrs. Denman call upon her! if that is the right phraseology. Mr. Solicitor made a most moving speech on the Queen's behalf, in which he compared, or seemed to compare, George IV. to Tigellinus, and boldly apostrophised the Royal Duke, afterwards William IV., in the words, "Come forth, thou slanderer." These utterances prevented him getting a silk gown until 1828, when the slanderer, who was not a vindictive man, gave him one. In 1830 Denman became Lord Grey's Attorney-General, and in that capacity defended the provisions of the First Reform Bill in Parliament, and prosecuted the Bristol rioters in Court. In 1832 he became Lord Chief Justice, and in 1834 he was made a Peer.

Denman's two most famous cases as judge were Stockdale v. Hansard, which raised a question of Parliamentary privilege, and O'Connell's case about jury trials, in the course of which he used the oft-quoted words, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

In 1850 Denman resigned, and much to his disgust Lord Campbell hopped into his place.



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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ABBOTT, LORD TENTERDEN
From the Portrait by W. Owen, R.A.

and netted in fees 3,000*l.*, a total which would by no means have satisfied some of his successors. Law became Solicitor-General to Addington's Administration in 1801, and the following year, on Lord Kenyon's death, he mounted the Bench as Lord Chief Justice. He had a somewhat stormy career. His first great case as judge was the trial of Governor Wall of the Goree for the murder of a soldier whom he had sentenced somewhat irregularly to receive 800 lashes, a barbarous punishment resulting in death. For some



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LORD DENMAN
From the Painting by Eddis

Lord Denman was a magnificent Chief, a most loveable character, and a man against whom nothing can be truthfully alleged, except that in 1817 he declared "Emma" to be a silly book. With his son, the late Mr. Justice Denman, a man of delightful personality, I have often conversed about his distinguished father, to whom he bore a strong resemblance.

All will agree that it is high time for a Scotsman to become Chief Justice, and so here we have him in John, often called Jock,

Campbell, who was born in Cupar, Fife, in September, 1779, where his father was parish minister. John Campbell was educated at Cupar and at the neighbouring University of St. Andrews, and a very good education it was, too. In 1798 he made his way to London, there to sink or swim. He soon learnt to swim. He wrote for the newspapers, and lodged in Covent Garden. He determined to go to the Bar, and became a pupil of the famous Mr. Tidd, whose "Practice" was the favourite book of Mr. Uriah



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LORD CAMPBELL
From the Portrait by Francis Grant, R.A.

Heep. Campbell was the most industrious man that ever lived. He had an eye to the Conduct of Life, and this eye eventually conducted him to the Woolsack. In 1806 he was called to the Bar and went the Surrey Sessions. Having no briefs he became a law reporter, and the best law reporter that ever was, is, or is to be. In 1811 his business began so to increase that he thought himself justified in taking dancing lessons. In 1820 he engaged himself to marry Miss Scarlett; in 1829 he took silk; in 1832



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LORD COLERIDGE
From the Painting by Sir Arthur Clay, Bart.

he entered Parliament; in 1836 he obtained a Peerage for his wife, and in 1840 one for himself, with the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland thrown in. In 1850 he succeeded Lord Denman as Chief Justice. In 1859 he climbed upon the Woolsack. In 1861 he died suddenly, having found time during odd hours to write the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" and the "Lives of the Lord Chief Justices."

Campbell was what is called a self-seeking man, that is to say,

he was not in the grand style. Two more self-seeking men than Brougham and Lyndhurst could not be found in the history even of the legal profession, yet, as they were in the grand style, we dub their self-seeking ambition, and rank it higher than Jock Campbell's plain desire to get on.

As a public servant Campbell was worth a dozen Broughams and Lyndhursts. By the common consent of the profession, not over well disposed to so pushing a Scot, Campbell was one of the very best judges that ever sat at Nisi Prius, whilst in an Appeal Court his industry and wide reading made him both useful and authoritative. He was not only a most zealous law reformer, but a most lucky one. He did more to reform the legal system than any single Chancellor who ever lived before the era of Cairns. His love of work was proverbial. Campbell's literary work, though marred by grave faults, is most remarkable, and his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" will always be a favourite book with the profession so long as the profession retains the small tincture of letters that hitherto has characterised it.

Lord Campbell's successor, though a man of Scottish extraction, was of a very different breed to the canny son of the parish minister of Cupar. Alexander James Edmund Cockburn was the only son of the British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Columbia, and of Iolande, his wife, a daughter of the Vicomte de Vigner. The future Chief Justice was born in 1802, and, owing to circumstances, was the most accomplished linguist that ever sat upon the English Bench, for he spoke French, German, Spanish and Italian, with both fluency and purity. He had no public school education, but in 1822 proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow and Bursar. Cockburn was very tiny, very vain, and of great dignity of manner. He was an eloquent speaker, and always took pains to be splendid. He loved great occasions, big cases, and had a firm grasp of the principles of freedom. He had no objection to controversy and could write an excellent pamphlet. He was not a great lawyer like Blackburn or Willes, but only give him time and he could get up a case as well as anybody, but having got it up and delivered his judgment he was apt to forget all about it. He was easily offended but not hard to appease. Lord Westbury on being told that Cockburn would not meet him at dinner in the Middle Temple Hall because of some words he had used about a judgment of the Chiefs, remarked in his peculiar mincing manner, "Oh! the silly little fellow! I suppose I must write him a letter," and write him a letter he did, and the two sat down together to dinner. Cockburn was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1825 and went the Western Circuit then led by Follet. He had long to wait for work in London, and never had a mercantile business, but he reported election cases, and soon obtained a number of these lucrative briefs. In 1841 he took silk, and successfully defended on the ground of insanity the man who shot Peel's private secretary. In 1847 he entered Parliament, and in 1850 made his famous Don Pacifico speech, one of the few oratorical triumphs of the latter half of the century. In 1856 he prosecuted Palmer, the murderer, and then reluctantly ascended the Bench as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Three years afterwards, on Campbell's elevation to the Woolsack, he became Lord Chief Justice. He died in harness in 1880.

Cockburn, though not a great lawyer, was a great figure. His Minority Award in the Alabama Commission is a masterpiece of narrative, reasoning, and style, whilst his conduct of the huge Tichborne Case and his too detailed summing-up will always have a place in legal annals. He is the only one of our seven Chief Justices who never sat in the House of Lords.

Cockburn's successor was as highly finished a production as himself, though less strenuous, in the public service. Lord Coleridge was born in 1821, a grand nephew of the great poet, and a son of an excellent Judge and still better man, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the pious biographer of John Keble. John Duke Coleridge must have been from the first a many-gifted being, who availed himself to the utmost of whatever Eton and Oxford can bestow. He was a Balliol man in the days of Dr. Jenkyns, and became a Fellow of Exeter. He was, and always remained, an excellent scholar, in the ornamental and delightful sense of the word; he had a true feeling for letters, and his taste in language was exquisite. His voice was musical as is Apollo's lute, and he modulated it with the perfect art of a Garrick. His figure was tall and graceful, so that altogether he was as well-equipped an actor as ever trod the Boards of the Theatre of Life. He was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1846, and went the Western Circuit he always loved. Sir John Karlake and he divided the business. In 1865 he entered Parliament for Exeter, and soon bewitched the House with his oratory. He became Attorney-General to Mr. Gladstone in 1871, but in 1873 left the House of Commons to repose on what used to be called "the pillow of the Attorney-General," the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, where he remained till Cockburn's death in 1880 sent him to preside over the Queen's Bench, which he did till his death in July, 1894.

Coleridge took life easily, and relied upon his wit and eloquence to see him through his business, but it was one of his affectations to pretend to take things easier than he really did, and to be ignorant of much with which he was really well acquainted. He was an accomplished if not a great lawyer, and as a President of a Court of Justice, he was an imposing and dignified figure. Towards the close

of his life he slumbered a good deal on the Bench, and he sometimes rose early. A counsel once complained to Bowen that Coleridge after luncheon had slept till three, and then suddenly awakening had risen for the day, an hour before the proper time. "Oh, well," said Bowen, "he was only doing what the hymn bids us all do,

"Shake off dull sloth and early rise."

With his contemporaries Coleridge was not popular, but the



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN

younger members of his profession were very fond of him. To the present writer he showed so much kindness that he must ever cherish the memory of Lord Coleridge, of whom it may be safely said that no better story-teller ever lived.

Lord Russell of Killowen, who died so unexpectedly on Friday last week, is treated at length elsewhere, but to make the above record complete the following bare details may be given of the strong advocate who became a great judge. The late Lord Chief Justice of England was an Irishman, born at Newry in 1832, and

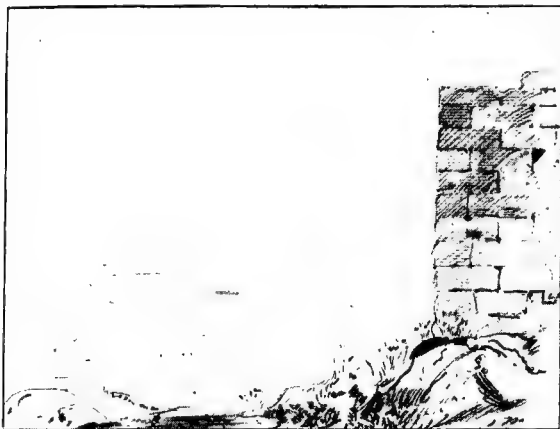


By permission of Henry Graves and Co., Ltd., publishers of the engraving
THE LATE LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN
From the Painting by J. Doyle Penrose

educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and took silk in 1872. He long dominated the Northern Circuit. He entered Parliament in 1880, and became Attorney-General for the first time in 1886, and again in 1892. On the death of Lord Bowen he was made a Life Peer and also a Lord of Appeal. On Lord Coleridge's death, in 1894, he became Chief.

A HOLIDAY IN GREECE.—I.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY P. HALL



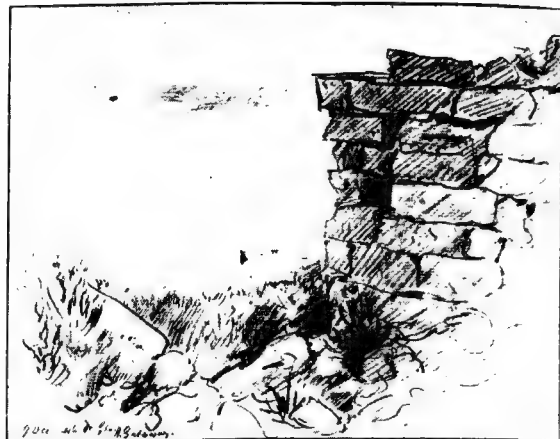
ANTIQUE MASONRY AT ORCHOMENOS, OVERLOOKING LAKE COPAIS: PART OF THE CHAIN OF FORTS GUARDING THE DRAINAGE SYSTEM

A Visit to Lake Copais

ONCE in Athens it seemed to me a crime to go away, and I went penitentially to bid farewell from the top of Lykabettus. The hill begins to rise just at the end of the street (Homer's Street) where I was staying, and the climb (910 feet) is not at all a fatiguing one, for a zigzag path is cut in the rock, and at every corner there is a seat, and from every seat a view of increasing interest and beauty. On the spur of the hill there are cafés, where you can fortify yourself for the ascent. One of them, I remember, was called "The Delight" (*Teipsis*), and there, if you are a lady, you can get lumps of delight (*lakolimi*), or a glass of mastigha if you are a man. At first the path winds amongst newly-planted pine trees, and the ground looks like a newly laid-out garden, so that Athens may, perhaps, again become the "violet crowned." Then the pine yields to the aloe and the cactus cropping out amongst the bare

rocks. These are of a warm tint and of a dazzling brightness in the sun, making the blue sky, when they stand up against it, of an intense ultramarine. The top is crowned with the little chapel of St. George: for, a low mud parapet and seat fringes the edge of the steep, and from the wall rises a black cross over pagan Athens. For Athens is pagan still. All its modern houses, its churches, university, and palace are lost in their own crowd. The eye rests at once on the Acropolis and Parthenon, then seeks the Piræus, and then Salamis and the strait where the famous battle was fought.

From Lykabettus I can see the pass of Daphné, which we cross to-morrow. For to-morrow we change the dry air of Athens for the crass atmosphere of Boeotia and the mists of Lake Copais. Copais is no longer a lake, thanks to the energy of an English company, whose manager and engineer, Mr. J. H. Wickes, an old Indian C.E., has invited me to go with him on his tour of inspection of the works. Copais hardly needed this additional interest, though it is a patriotic one, to make it worth seeing, for the whole neighbourhood is intensely interesting. Livadia, the headquarters of the company, stands under Helicon and Parnassus, Haliartos, Orchomenos, and Gha (or Goulás) on the rim of the basin. Chæronea is close by; and to reach the "lake" we pass over another battlefield, that of Platea, and through Thebes. On a fine clear morning, at the end of November, we startled Athens with the jungling of our bells and the cracking of our whips. We drove in two chariots of four down the Sacred Way, one of the chariots being the Theban coach, chartered for the occasion. The "dusty thoroughfare," passed at first through olive groves, amongst which some vegetables contrived to grow. Athens had not had a drop of rain for eleven weeks. At the convent of Daphné we stopped to see the church and its mosaics. Then we walked our horses over the pass, feathery pines of a lovely tint of green on either side of us, harmonising deliciously with the blue of the sky. Then the road dipped down to the Bay of Eleusis, and for some distance ran along its shore. There could not be a lovelier



NORTH GATEWAY OF THE ISLAND OF GHA, ALMOST UNKNOWN TILL COPAIS WAS DISCOVERED

landscape of pearly-tinted sea and sky and island. It was hard to turn away from it to look even at the vestiges of the Old Sacred Way and the little niches cut in the rock for offerings to Aphrodite. Eleusis itself we had no time to explore, but hurried on to change horses at a Khan, lunch in the open, and drink *resinato*.* We made our own tea at Eleutherai, a picturesque stronghold guarding the Pass of Kithæron. It "comes" best looking back towards Eleusis.

In Kithæron we were all amongst the pines again, and it was pointed out to me that their trunks were scored with white gashes, where they had been tapped to get the resin for *resinato*. It was strange that the moment we got into Boeotia down fell the rain—and the night. We crossed the battlefield of Platea with the carriage windows up, in the dark and asleep. The rattle we made through Thebes

* Wine of the country in which resin is infused.

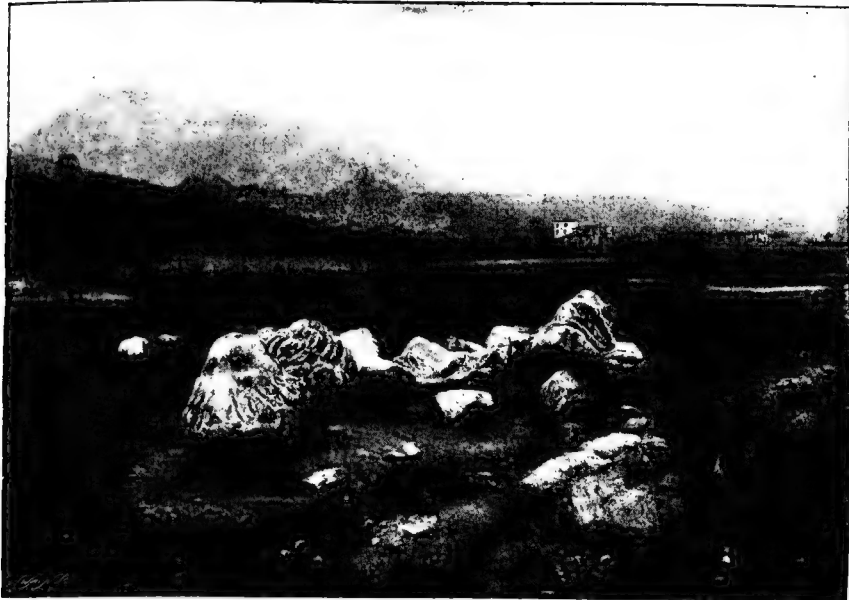


The Acropolis

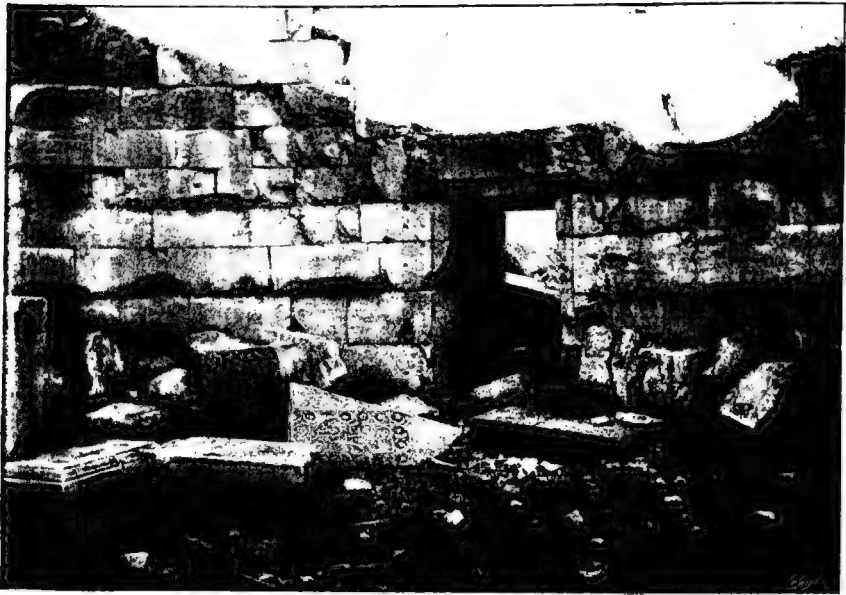
Salamis

ATHENS, FROM THE TOP OF LYKABETTUS, WHERE THERE IS A RUSSIAN MONASTERY

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW"



THE LION OF CHAERONEA, ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THEBANS WHO FELL IN BATTLE BETWEEN GREEKS AND MACEDONIANS



THE TREASURY OF MURGAS, ORCHOMENOS, DATING BACK TO 1400 B.C.

woke us up, and we stopped at a house belonging to the Company behind an inn called the Cadmus' Head, and on the verge of the old Acropolis. Our dinner, *à la Grecque*, included cuttle-fish stewed in its own juice. As an artist, and apt to suck my brush, I know the taste of sepia, but I did not appreciate it in large quantities.

Next morning we set out for Livadia, distant twenty-five miles. The long straight road across the plain of Thebes is monotonous enough, especially if Parnassus is shrouded with clouds and invisible. But it ends at last in a cutting through a low spur of Sphingion, and opens out upon Lake Copais. Well, what does the famous "lake" look like? For all the world like the Cambridgeshire, or any other fens, but surrounded by mountains and hills. There is no doubt about the house at Moulki, one of the stations of the Company being a house in a marsh. The neighbouring village is a wretched one. Very good melons are grown here—water melons, no doubt. Close by is the site of

Haliartos. You can see traces of the wall of the town running alongside the road, and a short walk will bring you to the Acropolis, where the site of a gate is shown and the hole in the rock into which the bolt was shot. An hour from Haliartos the canal runs right up to the rock, leaving space only for the road. This is the pass that the Greeks defended against the Turks in 1829. For the rest of the journey we were in the dark. As usual, our drivers put on a tremendous spurt through Livadia, and we dismounted at the house of Mr. Steele, who has succeeded Mr. Wickes * as manager.

A few paces from our garden gate, if you wade through a very wide gutter and stand in the street looking towards the church, you will see the low parapets of a bridge which spans the Herkyna, a torrent partly fed by the waters of Lethe and Mnemosyne. A plane tree, with all its leaves

* Mr. Wickes came home only to die last November. His portrait appeared in *The Graphic*, November 18, 1899.

on still, though we were in December, and all of pure gold, glistening in the sun, stands on this side of it to the right, and beyond the river, three tapering cypresses cut the white walls of the church, once a mosque, but now dedicated to San Georgio. On the parapets of the bridge, the steps of the church, and from the wooden balconies of the houses, from every coign and vantage to catch the sun, hang red and parti-coloured rugs from the fulling mills, adding much to the brightness of the scene. In the foreground to the left is a cotton mill with a dark subway descending to its basement, to which the raw cotton is brought from Lake Copais. It is carried for the most part in huge sacks on donkey back, bound to very quaint saddles like *ladies'* stays, with all the bare bones sticking out at all sorts of angles. Other loads of billets of wood, or vast trusses of dwarf holly, cut on the hills, pass by, not always borne by the same beasts of burden, but sometimes by women, almost hidden from view, but still visibly spinning



THE FAMOUS LETHE RIVER IS CLOSE BY, AND FLOWS UNDER THE BRIDGE IN MID-DISTANCE

BY THE WATERS OF LETHE: WOMEN CARRYING FUEL TO A COTTON MILL IN LIVADIA

as they walk. They are like the Pæonian woman whom Darius saw carrying a water-jar on her head, leading a horse by a bridle slung on her arm, and spinning flax with her fingers. The King is said to have exclaimed, "If the women are like this, what must the men be!" There were not many men about—one lolling against a wall, a black priest sauntering down the steps, and two or three loafers, young and old, staring at one. Women drove the donkeys, women and girls were the "hands" of the mill, and if you walk a little way up the gorge you will see a swarm of them washing their linen in the waters of Lethe. They make a delightful picture, but hate being sketched, and so you turn your back on them; and there in front of you the fountains of Lethe and Mnemosyne are trickling from the rock. There are votive niches in its face, and a dark and noisome hole yawns close by, which is said to lead down to the seat of the oracle Trophonius. Nearly 2,500 years ago the Persian general, before fighting the battle of Plataea, sent a man named "Mouse" to consult the oracle. "Mouse," very wisely, would not go down this hole himself, but bribed a native, heavily no doubt, to go down for him.

The Pæonian woman was spinning flax, but the Livadians were spinning cotton, for cotton now supplies the chief industry of Livadia, thanks to the achievement of the English Copais Company,

metres in depth, and for a distance of 500 metres had actually tunnelled from shaft to shaft, thus seeking to secure a more certain and regular discharge of the waters than the natural rifts alone could guarantee. It is only at the end of the nineteenth century that this result has been attained. The idea was first started by a French company in 1881, and their engineer proposed to run the waters of the lake out at Larymna. This, in the opinion of Mr. Wickes, was really the best scheme. It was, in fact, the scheme of the Minyans. It would have utilised their works—*e.g.*, the tunnel near Kokkino, and it would have given the company a port, Larymna, which the Minyans themselves possessed. But it was dropped, and M. Pochet's preferred which took the line of Lakes Lykeri and Paralimni. It failed after 60,000*l.* had been sunk in Lake Lykeri in the vain attempt to make of it a reservoir for storing water to irrigate the plain of Thebes. This was in 1887, when an English company took over the works. At first they employed two English engineers, then fell back upon Frenchmen. Finally, in 1895, Mr. Wickes was sent out as engineer, and in 1896 became the resident manager of the company and assured its success.

The effects of the works has been the drainage and rendering fit for cultivation of ninety square miles, or about 60,000 acres. Of

the towers which guard it. They are of what is called "advanced masonry," "like the accessories of the Lion's Gate and the avenue of the Great Tholos, Mycenæ." The distance beyond gives an idea of the plain—the old bed of the lake—over which a shepherd, followed by his "Molossian" hound, is trudging.

Gha is supposed by Tsountas and Manatt, from the "Mycenæan Age" I have largely quoted above, to be the stronghold of a chain of forts guarding the drainage system vital to the prosperity of Orchomenos. It is a very short distance from the homestead of the Company's Model Farm to the Treasury of Minyas. Was it a Treasury at all, by the way, a tomb in the beehive form. Pausanias saw it in the fifth century, and characterised it "as a wonder second to none in Greece or in the world at large." It was excavated by Schliemann in 1880, and it was not until about 1870, so he told us, that the beautiful ceiling, sculptured with a design of an Egyptian pattern, fell in. For 3,000 years or more it had resisted the pressure of the superincumbent soil.

While here it is worth while going to see the citadel. It is a stiff climb except at the last, and up the flight of steps cut in the rock. From the top of there the sketch was taken showing the lake lying below under a cloud of misty exhalations. The mists cutting the mist with still so keen an edge, is said not to be



This work was begun by a French Company but completed by an English Company

THE DRAINING OF LAKE COPAIS: ITS WATERS ISSUING FROM THE TUNNEL INTO LAKE LYKERI

who took up the work of the French in 1893. Copais was at once the largest and the shallowest lake in Greece; in fact, it was rather a marsh than a lake, except when fed by the winter rainfall and the melting snows of the great watershed (Helicon and Parnassus), whose basin it forms. Then its waters covered an area of over ninety square miles, while in summer the lake bed was for the most part left dry. The higher arable portions were so fertile as to yield two crops a year, while the lower were rich meadows feeding great herds of cattle and swine. It was these fat lands on which the Minyans grew rich and Orchomenos became a synonym of affluence.

The lake has no outlets save by subterranean rifts in Mount Ptoon on the north and east. There are twenty-three of these *katavothrai* (as the Greeks call them) through which the waters reach the Eubœan Channel at Larymna, and at least two other points. The largest of them (near Kokkino) has an entrance upwards of eighty feet high, and vaulted over by a precipitous, overhanging cliff. Into this great fissure you can make your way some 175 paces before the rock walls close in upon you, leaving only narrow dark rifts for the water.

To conduct the water to these natural outlets, the Minyans dug three great canals through the lake, and with the earth taken out reared high embankments on either side of them. More than that, from one of the *katavothrai*—namely, that of Pinia—ancient engineers undertook to tunnel through to the Bay of Larymna. Over the low pass of Kephalari, in a line of 2,230 metres, they sank sixteen shafts, from eighteen to sixty-three

these about five-twelfths are actually under cultivation, producing wheat, Indian corn, cotton, rape seed, melons, &c. Most of the farms are let on the terms of payment of a certain proportion of the crops in kind—*viz.*, slightly less than one-fifth of the produce. But there are so-called *colleague* tenants, to whom all necessary material is supplied—seed, sheep and cattle—and from whom half the produce is demanded. If machinery is supplied it is charged for. These farmers gradually become independent; 1,500 acres are reserved by the company as a Model Farm, near Orchomenos.

A most important result of the drainage is the great improvement in the salubrity of the fever stricken towns and villages on the margin of the lake, and the only regrettable effect is the disappearance of the famous fat Copais eels. They have withdrawn to the tunnel which connects Lake Paralimni with the sea.

And this is not all that the draining of Lake Copais has done. It has also rendered a vast service to archaeology by laying bare the remains of the ancient works—the Cyclopean masonry, for instance, which faces the embankment of the ancient canal near Topolia, and by the investigations which it has furthered on the island of Gha, or Goulas. This is a great rock springing abruptly from the lake, surrounded by "a mighty rampart some twenty feet thick" of Cyclopean masonry following the edge of the rock, and about three-quarters of a mile in circuit—"the largest circumvallation of the Mycenæan age." It was not till June, 1893, that M. de Ridder excavated the palace and the agora on its summit. I give a sketch of the north gate, or, rather, of one of

than the time of Alexander the Great—though the walls of the citadel we had passed lower down were Cyclopean.

(To be continued)

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—The Great Eastern Railway, which was the first to issue special tickets to cyclists at reduced fares, and to fit its vans with holders for the carriage of cycles, has conferred a further boon on the cycling public by issuing a "Cyclist's Guide to North Eastern England," edited by R. T. Lange. The same Company also publishes a guide to hotels and lodgings in Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire; and a Tourist Guide to the Continent (edited by Percy Lindley), full of information as to their well-known route to the Continent, and the towns arrived at by their system.—The Midland Great Western Railway issue a new edition of a "Practical Handbook to Galway, Connemara, Achill and the West of Ireland" (Browne and Nolan, Dublin) containing ample information for those who think of visiting the west of Ireland during their holidays; and a dip into the guide will make many wish to do so. The "Handbook," which is illustrated and has a capital map, costs the modest sum of sixpence.—Messrs. Greening and Co. publish a third edition of "London: A Guide for the Visitor, Sportsman, and Naturalist," by J. W. Cundall. The little book contains much useful information compressed into a small space, and though bound in cloth, it costs only sixpence.

The South African Campaign

A Plot that Failed

THE impending struggle in China is now undoubtedly more engrossing than the lasting out of our campaign in South Africa, yet for a few hours this week our solicitude for the fate of our Minister at Peking was forgotten in our apprehension for the personal safety of our Commander-in-Chief at Pretoria, when we learned that there had been a Boer plot to seize and carry him off—much in the same way as Prince Alexander of Bulgaria had been kidnapped by the Russians. But happily the perpetration of this new “Prinzenraub” on the person of our princely “Bobs” was frustrated in time by



TROOPER A. KRUGER
West Australian Mounted Rifles
Recommended for the V.C.



TROOPER MORRIS
N.S. Wales Lancers, Recommended for the V.C.



CORPORAL E. H. SIMPSON
Who has been given a Commission

and was born in 1871. He obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery in November, 1890, and was for some years in the 10th Mountain Battery, stationed at Pietermaritzburg. After that he served for ten months in the Chartered Company—six months in Mashonaland, where he obtained the 1897 war medal, and four months as Military Secretary for Rhodesia. In June, 1899, he was appointed officer commanding the permanent garrison at King George's Sound, Western Australia, and, on the outbreak of the present war, was considered the most suitable officer to take charge of the Western Australian Contingent, and he has been conspicuous throughout the war. At Slingersfontein, on February 9, he had a narrow escape through giving up his horse to a wounded private.



THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR W. G. BARTTELOT
Killed at Retief's Nek



THE LATE MAJOR H. G. MOOR
Killed at Palmietfontein



THE LATE CAPT. M. S. WELLBY
Died of wounds received at Merizich



THE LATE CAPT. A. H. U. TINDAL
Died of wounds received at Kheis

the clumsiness of its contrivers, who were all laid by the heels and placed securely under lock and key. The plan of the plotters was to engross the attention of the troops by a conflagration in the western part of the town, then murder the superior officers in their quarters, which had been marked, and carry off our Field-Marshal “to the nearest commando,” presumably to be held as a hostage against the further advance of our troops towards the Lydenburg parts, much in the same way as the Ministers are kept in durance at Peking. The discovery of this nefarious plot caused a great outburst of indignation—no less at home than throughout the Army in South Africa—coupled with strong protests from all quarters against a continuance of the policy of leniency which has always been so grossly misunderstood and abused by its objects—a policy which is, to a great extent, accountable for the numbers of perjured burghers still with the guerilla bands of Boers whom some of our best generals have been chivvying and trying to corner for several weary weeks.

The Boer Forces

South of the Vaal the only important Boer force still in the field is that of the eel-like Olivier, who, with 1,500 men and five guns, managed to escape the fate which overtook Prinsloo at the hands of Hunter (whose total bag of Boers was 4,140 in the Bethlehem and Harrismith districts, the great majority being now on their way to Ceylon), though Macdonald and Rundle ought soon to be able to give an account of him, and meanwhile a large quantity of cattle and horses—the latter said to number 6,000—have been captured in the mountain gorges near Fouriesburg. Then there is the force of Christian Botha, estimated at 2,000 men with ten guns, which is retiring before Buller, who captured Ermelo on the 12th inst., and is now advancing on Barberton. Thirdly, there are the combined forces of Delarey and Grobler, who, after all, failed to capture the little garrison at the Elands River under Colonel Hore, one of the heroes of Mafeking.

The Cornering of De Wet

But of all the five main Boer bodies still in the field the one which has caused most trouble is that of the Rob Roy raider De Wet, who has so far shown himself the most resourceful of the Boer leaders. Escaping through our “cordon” in the Orange River Colony, he crossed the railway westward and then struck away northward beyond the Vaal, where he was quick to become the quarry of Kitchener and Methuen in his rear, and of Smith-Dorrien and Ian Hamilton on his flanks, though for a long time this devilish quarry managed to elude the toils of his pursuers in spite of the fact that some of those pursuers made forced marches—the 2nd Shropshires forty-three miles in thirty hours and the C.I.V.'s thirty miles in seventeen hours, which was still better—in a straining effort to bring the boar to bay. When near Ventersdorp Kitchener had caught up with and begun to inflict heavy punishment on the rearguard of De Wet, who already showed unmistakable signs of exhaustion—as well he might, seeing that, among other things, he had blown up three of his (ammunition?) waggons, left behind thirty worn-out horses, and allowed sixty of his British prisoners, with one officer, to escape with the news that ex-President Steyn was being “kept under surveillance” in his camp, for fear, apparently, lest his faintheartedness should in any way compromise the Boer cause.

Our Portraits

THE first Australian soldiers to be recommended for the distinction of the Victoria Cross, Trooper Tom Morris, of the New South Wales Lancers, and Trooper A. Kruger, of the West Australian Mounted Rifles, returned to their native land invalided on June 22. Morris, who was one of the detachment of Lancers undergoing a course of training at Aldershot when the war broke out, received his recommendation for an act of signal bravery at Arundel. A party of Australians were retreating from some kopjes, after drawing the enemy's fire, when Morris glanced back and saw that Trooper Harrison was lying on the ground, under a heavy fire, 400 yards back, with his horse shot under him. Morris instantly swung round, and riding to the spot, where the fire of a hundred Boers was converging, he picked up Harrison and returned with him safely. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Trooper Kruger is a native of Ballarat, of German parentage, and is thirty years old. He and four other members of the West Australian contingent were cut off on a kopje, and were exchanging shots with a body of the enemy, when one of their number, Lieutenant Hensman, who was about forty yards distant, was shot with an explosive bullet in both thighs. As the lieutenant was bleeding to death, Kruger came from cover, and, scrambling across the rocks in the face of a withering fire, contrived to dress his injuries. Trooper Conway, another Victorian in the West Australian Contingent, came to Kruger's assistance, and, as he was helping to make Hensman comfortable, was shot through the head and killed instantly. The Boers then attempted to rush the kopje, but Kruger and one other combatant killed four of them and checked the charge. While assisting the wounded man, who subsequently died from his injuries, Kruger had his helmet pierced, his shoulder-strap cut off, and his knuckles grazed with bullets. Both men were seized with enteric fever after their exploits, and had spent about three months in South African hospitals before they were ordered home.

Corporal Simpson, of the South African Light Horse, who was wounded twice at Hussar Hill, has been given a commission as second lieutenant in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Our portrait is by Middlebrook, Kimberley.

Captain Sir Walter George Barttelot, 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, who was killed at Retief's Nek on July 23, was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Sussex, a magistrate for Devon, and a County Councillor for the Western Division of Sussex. He was born in 1855, and succeeded his father, Sir Walter Barttelot Barttelot, P.C., C.B., as second baronet, in 1893. He was educated at Eton, and served in the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards from 1874 till his retirement in 1880 with the rank of captain. From 1880 till 1885 he was a captain in the 1st Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, and since March, 1886, had been a captain, and from 1890 hon. major, in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

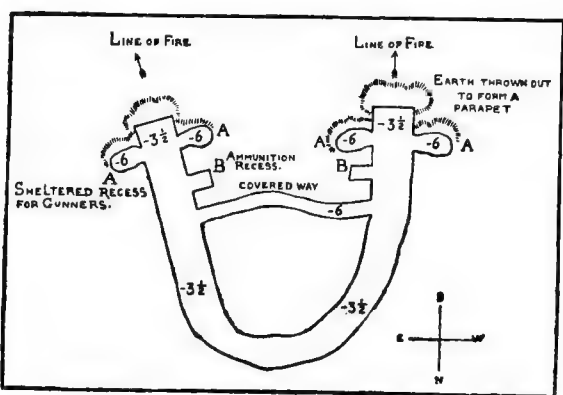
Major Heatherley George Moor, who was killed at Palmietfontein, was the officer commanding the 1st West Australian Contingent. He was a younger son of Canon Moor, of St. Clement, Trurc,

Captain Montagu Sinclair Wellby, 18th Hussars, died at Paardekop on the 5th inst. of wounds received in action at Merizich, on the 30th ult. Born October 10, 1866, he joined the 18th Hussars as lieutenant August 25, 1886; became captain April 25, 1894; and was adjutant 1897-99. He served in the North-West Frontier (India) operations of 1897-98 (medal with clasp). Our portrait is by Histed, Baker Street.

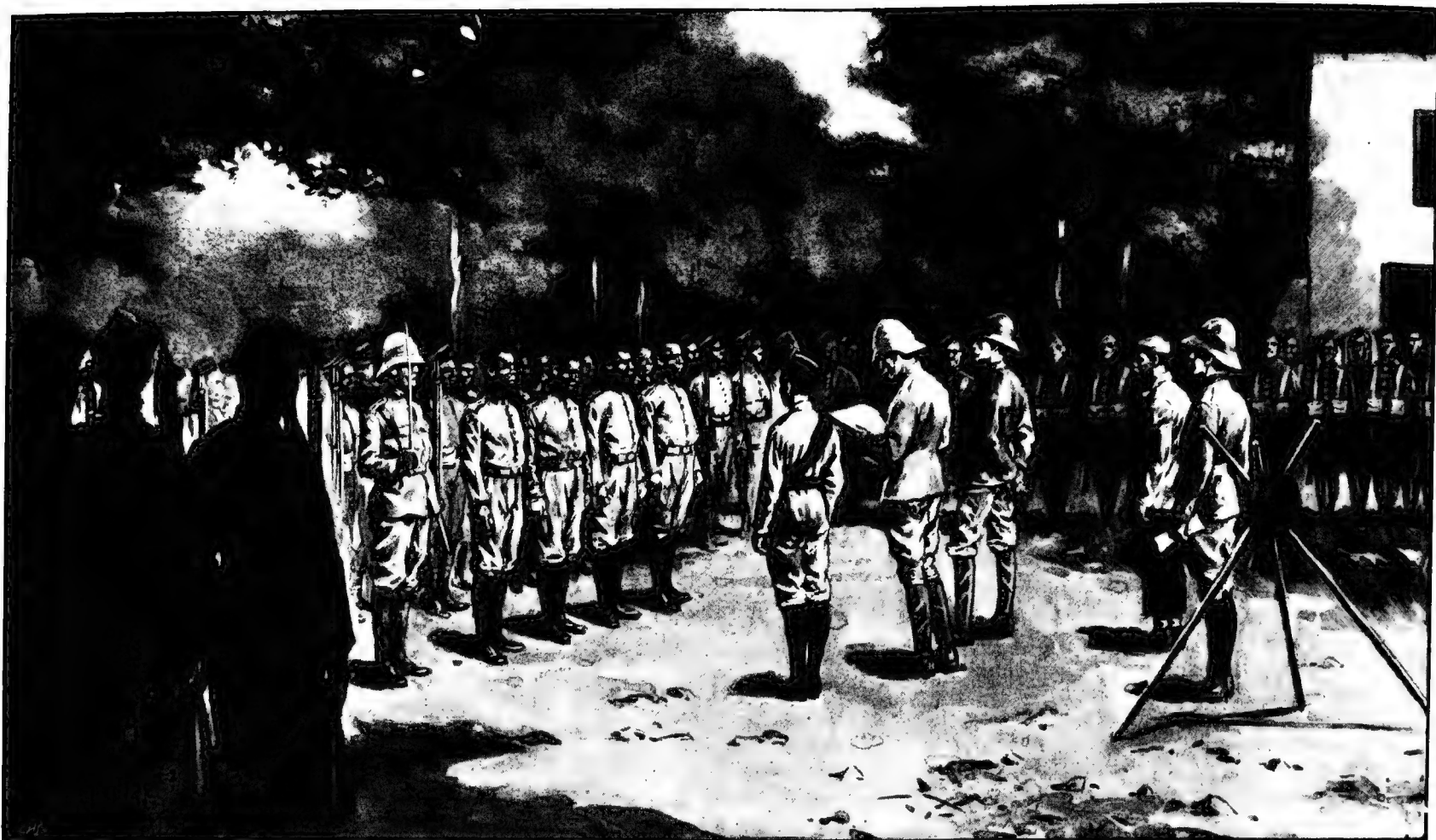
Captain A. H. U. Tindal, the 1st Welsh Regiment, was wounded fatally in the capture of a rebel laager at Kheis, and died a few hours later. He had seen service at Malta, Gibraltar, and on the West Coast of Africa, where he was in command of the West African Regiment for six months until December, 1899, in the absence of Colonel Coningham. He was one of the best known and most popular officers in the Welsh Regiment, and was a good rider, a good shot, and of fine physique, being nearly 6ft. in height.

A Boer Trench

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—“I enclose a rough sketch of a Boer gunpit on Laing's Nek, which possesses some merits beyond those of the pits ordinarily constructed by our troops on the lines laid down in the Text Books. It is really a double pit, connected by a covered way about 2ft. wide and 6ft. deep to allow of men passing from one pit to the other, while, in rear, the pits are connected by a covered road sufficiently wide to admit of a gun being run from one to the other without being exposed. At either side



of each pit is a sheltered recess (A, A) for the gun detachment to take cover in. These are at least 6ft. deep and undercut, so afford most excellent protection. B B are smaller recesses for ammunition. The figures, 6, 3½, &c., show the depth below ground line. The ground is very rocky, so the labour entailed in the construction of this work must have been considerable. On either side of it lines of sangars stretch away almost to Majuba on the west and Pougwan on the east, a distance of several miles. These are also very strong, being cut sheer down from four to six feet in the rocky ground, with a low parapet of earth thrown up in front.”



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

COLONEL SIR J. WILLCOCKS SENTENCING FOUR NATIVE SOLDIERS FOR DESERTION
WITH THE KUMASSI RELIEF COLUMN



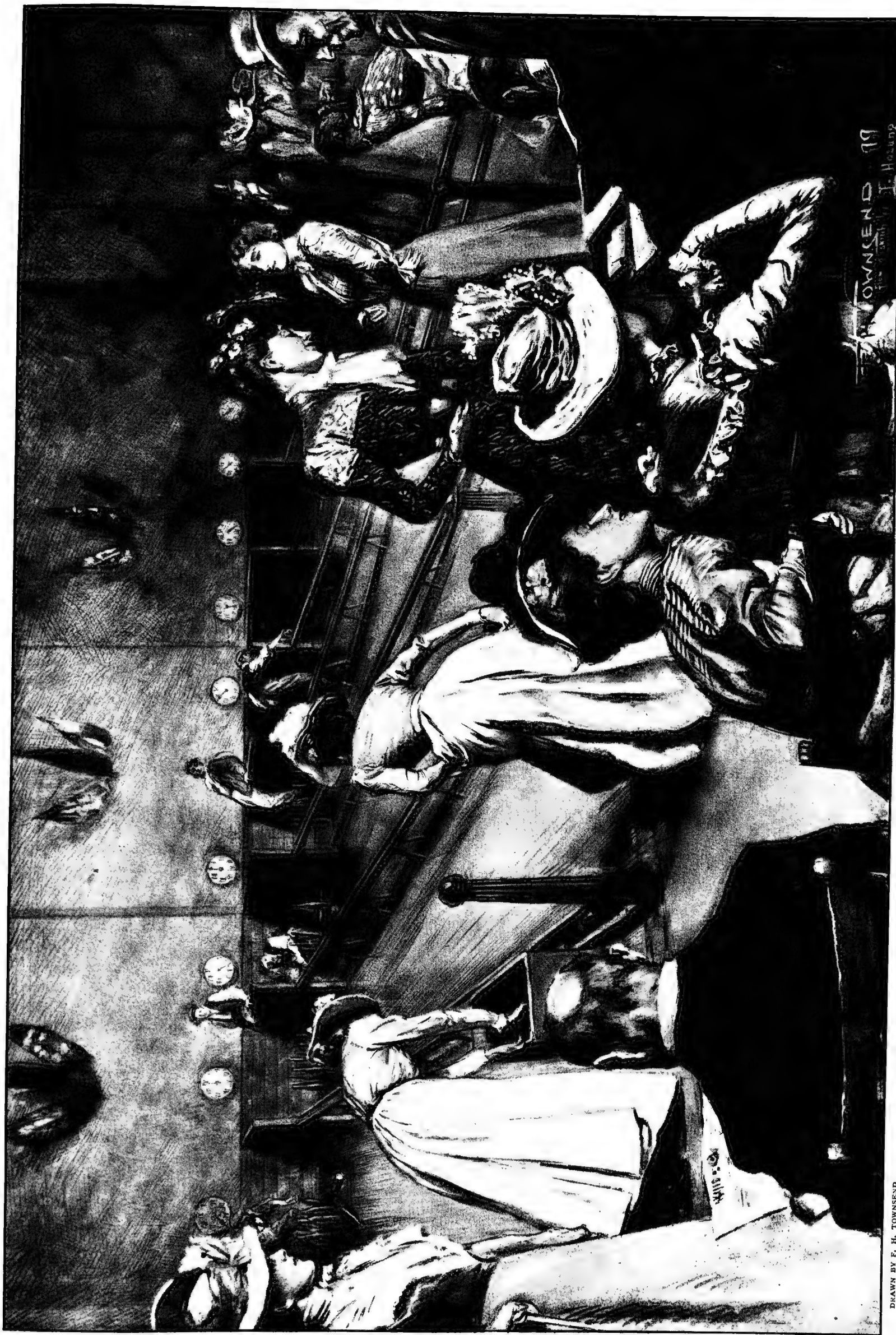
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

Our Correspondent writes:—"The young ladies of Pretoria are nothing if they are not up to date. Their enthusiasm for the young Boer may be great, but they have taken very kindly to the British officer

as well. Scenes like that in my sketch, reminding one of stories of the days of the Peninsular War, are very common in the Transvaal capital. It seems to be a case of 'off with the old love and on with the new'."

IN THE ENEMY'S CAPITAL: THE OLD, OLD STORY



DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

In Germany skittles—or kegelin, as the game is termed—is a very popular sport, and every village boasts its skittles club. In Berlin the clubs hold an annual competition amongst themselves, and valuable prizes are awarded to the winners. A novelty has lately been introduced in the form of a competition for lady players, the prizes including gold watches, bracelets, and brooches. Many of the ladies play remarkably well, and their scores compare favourably with those of the men competitors.

A NEW GAME FOR LADIES: A SKITTLES COMPETITION IN BERLIN

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

CARDS are beginning to play a considerable part in the life of Society. Young girls are instructed in the science of "bridge," as their mothers were in the duties of etiquette and politeness. Mornings, evenings, afternoons are wasted in cards, and it seems as though old times were coming back—the times when people sat down to cards whenever they met together in the evening and played till morning light. Cards as a recreation after a hard day's work are excellent companions, but as the business of life they are deadening to the intellect. It is said of the late Lord Chief Justice that he played various games of cards with extreme zest, but never became really proficient, though he put all his mind into them. This seems to show that the acumen required to make a good card player is not the same as that of a good judge. Women, though they love cards, rarely play as well as men, and are generally bad losers.

It appears that gardeners have invented a new fruit, a cross between the blackberry and some other berry. The blackberry has been too much neglected except by street urchins; it can be cultivated in the garden and will repay attention. But new species of fruit are not much good as long as we neglect those we have. The average household despises dessert, and the first economy of a house-mother is directed towards fruit. The dearth of fruit, notwithstanding its plentifulness, is always a source of surprise to me. In small towns, in country villages, it is almost impossible to buy fruit, while in London the price is always kept up. There are none of the cheap Continental markets, where fruit-women congregate and sell a large quantity for a small price. Vegetarians even seem to content themselves with nuts, oranges, and apples.

Needless to say, because the income-tax has risen, because coals are dear, everyone else thinks it right to increase their charges. Washerwomen, invariably bad, are now proposing to become dearer. Some of the most amusing war pictures show us officers washing their dirty linen in biscuit tins, and doing laundry business themselves under difficulties. The Japanese soldiers are wiser; they wear paper shirts, said to be exceedingly light, soft and as serviceable as cotton, while after use they can be thrown away. Soon we shall be reduced to the same. Paper collars are already with us, but paper shirts, tablecloths and pocket-handkerchiefs may soon follow suit.

The rage for "periods" in house furnishing continues. We must sit on crooked, hard chairs, live in uncomfortable rooms, and lie on straight-backed benches in order to be in the fashion. Some periods, however, allow of a little more luxury than others, and the régime of "Adams" chosen, as a contemporary informs us, for her riverside abode by Mrs. Brown Potter, is somewhat more agreeable to live under than, say, the "Tudor" period. Mrs. Potter's house sounds very pleasant, the chimney pieces are daintily carved, and picked out in white and gold, the floors of homely oak instead of foreign parquet, the table linen of homespun edged with coarse lace, while the flowers are set in jugs, the branspots of our ancestors. There is sense in all these things; solidity, fineness, and good quality were the watchwords of the day, and, alas! they are also the qualities in which modern work is most deficient.

Apparently the Rev. Charles Sheldon, American preacher and writer, has been especially struck by the drunkenness of London. He says that terrible sights are here received by the inhabitants with impassive looks or a mere shrug of the shoulders. There is no doubt that the greatest are also the most temperate of men. King Humbert only ate twice a day, and drank generally water at his meals; Lord Roberts is, I believe, a teetotaler; and all the great feats of our heroic soldiers were accomplished without drink. One of the saddest features of London is the drunkenness of women. It is a sight never beheld abroad.

Cigarette smoking, too, is ruining the young generation; school-boys smoke, Board children smoke, the gutter-infants, so precocious and so cunning, may be seen constantly with a cheap cigarette in their mouth. They either pick up thrown-away ends, or some mistakenly good-natured individual tosses them a cigarette in payment of slight services. The remedy seems to lie only in the hands of parents. Extract a promise from a boy not to smoke on honour till a certain age, and reward him for his obedience. So long as it is considered manly to smoke, so long will each mischievous urchin deceive, smoke by stealth and put himself to all sorts of inconvenience in order to indulge in the baneful habit.

Now that the Italians possess a sporting Queen it is to be surmised that they themselves will care more for hunting and shooting. The average Italian gentleman does nothing; he is content to be idle and waste his time at a café. But the new Queen is apparently a splendid shot. She is an adept with a revolver, and possesses the Island of Monte Cristo, an agreeable little wild resort where her husband built her a hunting lodge, and where she spends happy days of hunting, pursuing every kind of game, even wild boars. Such an example will surely move the most indolent of Italian men into some semblance of virility.

Ladies are always complaining of their inefficient servants. The distaste for domestic work is set down to the spread of education, the higher aims of women, and the desire for independence. My own idea is that young men are at the bottom of it all, at the bottom of the girl's restlessness, her love of dress, her forgetfulness, her slatternly way of working, her checkiness. The Sunday out is the crucial difficulty in small households, and the Sunday out means the young man. Every maid has her sweetheart with whom she corresponds lengthily and often. He is generally in business, and has his evenings, his Saturday afternoons, and Sundays to himself. For these pleasant periods the girl plans, dresses, and exists. Her work is hurried through anyhow just so that she may "get out." "Getting out" is beacon and watchword to the servant girl.

The Queen's Cup at Cowes



THE Cup presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron by the Queen this year is a massive silver vase, richly decorated with infant figures, grapes, vine leaves, shells, &c., in high relief. The handles are in the form of vine stems. The race for the Cup is open to all yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. Only four entered for this year, and one of these, Mr. John Gretton's *Betty*, did not start, being weather-bound. The three starters were the German Emperor's *Meteor*, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's *Satanita*, and Captain Towers Clark's *Lorne*. The *Satanita* won easily. The vase, which is chased in the style of Paul Lamerie, was manufactured by

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, New Bond Street.

The Late Dr. Steinitz

DR. STEINITZ, the famous chess player, who has now died in the asylum where he had been for some time, was born on May 14, 1836, at Prague, Bohemia. He early attained distinction as a chess player, and by his defeat of the late Professor Anderssen in 1866 won the match championship of the world, a position which he held against all contestants for a long time. He gained every single-handed watch, or series, for thirty years after 1862, and gained either first or second place (or tied for first or second) in every tournament he had entered for years after 1867. His average score in tournaments was the highest, and in any single one his score was the best. Among the players he had been matched against were Blackburne, Bird, Zukertort, Martinez, Mackenzie, Tschigorin, Golmayo, and Vasquez. He suffered defeat in 1894 at the hands of Lasker, who won ten games to his five (four drawn). Our portrait is by Bradshaw, Hastings.



THE LATE DR. STEINITZ
The famous Chess Player

The New Canon of Westminster

THE Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D., who succeeds to the Canonry of Westminster vacated by the death of Archdeacon Furse, was already a Canon of Westminster. He previously, however, held the Canonry to which the Rectorship of St. Margaret's was attached, and has now been transferred to a Canonry without rectorship. Canon Robinson, who is an ardent and distinguished student, will now have far more time for his studies than he could command while the Rector of St. Margaret's was in his charge. He was ordained priest in 1882, had a distinguished career at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1881. From 1884 to 1890 he was dean of his college, and in



CANON ARMITAGE ROBINSON,
Appointed to the vacant Canonry at Westminster

1893 was appointed Norrisian Professor of Theology at Cambridge, a position which he retained till last year. He has been a prebendary of Bath, Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the recipient of honorary degrees from many foreign universities. In 1893 he was appointed to the rectory of St. Margaret, Westminster. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Musical Festival Nobelties

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL

THE Hereford Musical Festival, the oldest of our provincial festivals, it being the 177th annual meeting of the Three Choirs, will commence on the morning of Sunday, September 9, with a special opening service, in which the orchestra and choirs will take part. The music will include Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "Benedictus" and Mr. Elgar's "Te Deum" and "Benedictus" in F, the anthem being Sir Frederick Gore-Ouseley's "It Came even to Pass." The Monday of the Festival week, like the previous Saturday, will be devoted to full rehearsals, and there will also, by the way, be two full days' orchestral rehearsal at Queen's Hall, London, besides some special rehearsals for the choir, the Worcester and Gloucester contingents coming specially to Hereford for that purpose. Instead of *Elijah*, with which the Three Choirs' Festivals usually opens, the present celebration will start with a "Patriotic" concert, opening with the National Anthem, after which will come a new "Te Deum," specially composed by Sir Hubert Parry, Brahms's Second Symphony in D, Dr. Stanford's "Last Post," and Verdi's "Requiem." On the opening evening there will be an orchestral concert, the only secular performance of the Festival, but exclusively devoted to familiar works without novelties. On the Wednesday morning *Elijah* will, as usual, be given, while the evening will be devoted to the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, Tschaiakowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," and a *Dixit Dominus* in C, for double chorus, by Leonard Leo, the famous eighteenth-century exponent of the Neapolitan School of composition.

On the Thursday morning we are promised the production of Professor Horatio Parker's new *Wanderer's Psalm*, a setting of Psalm 107, which has been expressly composed for this Festival. The composition, which is likely to prove one of the chief novelties of the week, has three solos, namely, a setting of "They that sit in darkness," for contralto music (which will be entrusted to Miss Ada Crossley), a baritone solo and chorus, "They that go down to the sea in ships," which will be sung by Mr. Andrew Black, and the more prayerful "He turneth the Floods," which will be sung by Madame Albani, for whom it is understood it was expressly written. Mr. Parker, who is Professor of Music at Yale University, U.S., has for the past month been in this country and will conduct his own music. The programme likewise comprises a selection from *Parsifal* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. In the evening a mixed programme in the Cathedral will include Bach's cantata, "God Goeth Up," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with, by way of novelty, a setting for contralto solo and orchestra by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, and of four sonnets by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, namely, "The Soul's Expression," "Tears," "Grief," and "Comfort." Mr. Taylor will conduct his own music. The *Messiah* will be performed as usual on the Friday morning, and Mr. Lloyd will then make his final appearance at a Three Choirs Festival. Dr. Sinclair will be conductor-in-chief of the Festival, and the chorus will be exclusively confined to singers of the three Cathedral cities, no outsider being accepted. The principal vocalists will be Mesdames Albani, Ella Russell, Nicholls, Hilda and Muriel Foster, Brema, and Crossley; Messrs. Lloyd, William Green, Black, Price, Mills, and Santley.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL

The Birmingham Musical Festival will take place October 2 to 5, when there will be a band and chorus of about 500 performers under Dr. Richter. Mr. Stockley, who, for so very many years, was chorus master, will, owing to the sudden death of Dr. Heap, resume his old post, but for this occasion only. The principal vocalists will be Mesdames Albani, Florence, Palliser, Brema, Crossley, and Clara Butt; Messrs. Lloyd, William Green, Ben Davies, Andrew Black, Bispham, and Plunket Greene. The Festival will open as usual on the Tuesday morning with *Elijah*, in which Mr. Andrew Black will sing the music of the Prophet. In the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert, including Sir Hubert Parry's twelve-part psalm, "De Profundis."

On the Wednesday morning we are promised the principal novelty of the Festival, namely, Mr. Edward Elgar's cantata, *The Dream of Gerontius*. This, of course, is based upon Cardinal Newman's poem, and the first part, dealing with the last moments of the Saint, is mainly choral, interrupted, however, by tenor exclamations by the dying man, and the sacrament of extreme unction administered by the Priest. *Gerontius* is only a half programme composition, and the rest of the concert will be devoted to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and a plentiful selection from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, including most of the popular double choruses. In the evening Mr. Coleridge Taylor's "Song of Hiawatha" (all three parts of it) will be performed under much better conditions than on its production at the Albert Hall, for this time there will be a strong cast, including Madame Albani, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

On the Thursday morning Mr. Lloyd will make his last appearance at a provincial Festival, and will sing the tenor music in Bach's Saint Matthew *Passion*, which, by the way, is the work in which he first came prominently to the front at the Gloucester Festival in September, 1871. At the end of this year Mr. Lloyd, as everybody knows, is retiring into private life. In the evening Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*, which was originally written for the Birmingham Festival many years ago, will be revived, together with some orchestral pieces, among them Glazounov's Sixth Symphony. On the Friday morning, an immense programme will include Brahms's *Requiem*, a selection of four numbers from one of Byrd's Masses and some orchestral pieces; while the Festival will close in the evening with the *Messiah*, the principal parts being sung by Mesdames Albani and Clara Butt, Messrs. Ben Davies and Andrew Black.

MR. RUSSELL has much pleasure in calling attention to the following Press Notices that have been recently published in the leading newspapers. Copies of the Journals containing the Original Notices, and many hundred others, are on view at Woburn House.

A SLANDER ON FAT PEOPLE. OBESITY IS NOT THE RESULT OF GLUTTONY.

CAN OBESITY BE REMOVED?

"It is high time that the old and false idea that excessive corpulency is a thing to be endured because it cannot be banished without danger to the general health should be got rid of once for all. Equally pernicious is the idea for which some of our comic poets and humorous painters are partially responsible, that too much rotundity of figure adds either to the dignity of the person or the cheerful aspect of his owner. . . . These very practical considerations are suggested by the perusal of an excellently written and most suggestive little volume, entitled 'Corpulency and the Cure.' The book is in its eighteenth edition, and the reason of this popularity is not far to seek. Its author, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. (who will send a copy to any person who encloses 6d. in stamps), has devised a method of treatment which he clearly describes, and, in fact, the actual formula of the remedy which he prescribes. A work of this sort is naturally being largely recommended by persons who are benefited by its treatment to others who are suffering from adiposity. Mr. Russell asks all persons experimenting with his remedy to weigh themselves carefully every day. For the results he gives a hard testimony of scales and weights. It cannot be suspected of any prejudice in Mr. Russell's system. Such tests show, matter of fact, the loss of from 1 lb. to 2 lb. per week, and the remedy begins to be used. This perfectly harmless concoction, prepared from a few herbs which one can find in the rural lane."—*Wales Daily News*, June 15, 1900.

Marvellous Results in Curing Corpulency by the "RUSSELL" TREATMENT.

"Corpulency and the Cure."—This is the title of an interesting volume (256 pages) which has been written by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and it deals in a common-sense fashion with a subject which is of considerable importance to a large number of people. Mr. Russell has devoted more study than perhaps any other medical expert to the question of obesity, and his unique experience in the treatment of the thousands of cases that have come under his care has conclusively shown him the falsity of the idea that excessive corpulency is a thing that must be endured because it cannot be banished without danger to the general health. He has proved that quite the contrary is the case, and the hundreds of testimonials which are given in the book constitute an unanswerable testimony to the efficacy of his remedy. Mr. Russell handles his subject with the skill of a master, but withal he uses such simple language that all may understand, and his book is full of useful information. He points out that in most of the so-called remedies for adiposity the administration of deleterious compounds is advocated, or that adherence to some more or less objectionable or stringent forms of dietary or abstinence is insisted upon. Having given the subject constant attention for many years, Mr. Russell has succeeded in producing and perfecting a purely vegetable preparation which is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, while he claims that it reduces superfluous fat in such a unerring manner that 24 hours is usually a sufficient time to test its efficacy by stepping on a weighing machine. In short, the advantages of Mr. Russell's method may thus be summed up: The compound is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; it does not demand those semi-starvation diets to which so many are so weakeningly addicted; it is most efficacious in reducing fat without injury; and it aims at the radical cure of obesity so that when persons under treatment have reduced to their normal weight the incubus does not return. Moreover, the treatment is an exceedingly pleasant one. The medicine which is prescribed is an agreeable, refreshing, cooling, invigorating tonic, and allays thirst in a marvellous manner. It is purely vegetable, contains no poison, has no pernicious effect on the most delicate subject, is free from objection of any kind, and is neither constipating, weakening, nor sickly. It is so simple that Mr. Russell's book has reached its eighth edition and is certainly well worth reading. It can be obtained by sending six penny stamps to the address as above. Amongst the numerous unsolicited letters which Mr. Russell is daily receiving, one may be made of one from Mr. F. Upton, of London, who says: 'I have over 100 persons here on your treatment, and, without one single exception, with most satisfactory results.' This is money indeed."—Extract from *The Bristol Times*, June 16, 1900.

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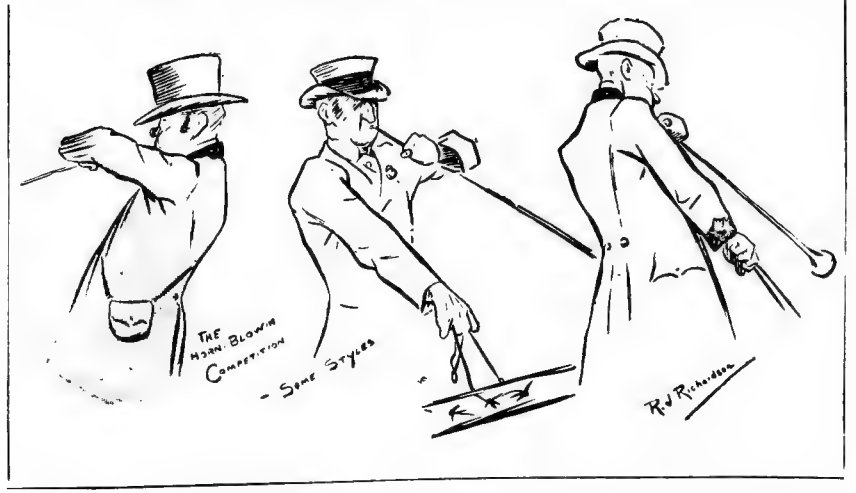
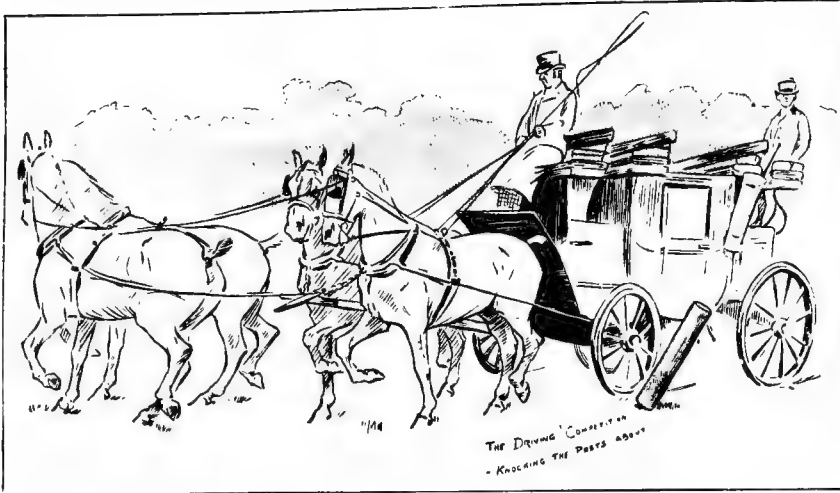
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CONTINENTAL HOTELS. **AIX-LES-BAINS** (Late Proprietor of Europe Hotel) **GRAND HOTEL BERNASCON** **AKOSA** (Fav. Alpine Resort. 1st-class Family House) **HOTEL SEERHOF** **BADEN-BADEN** (Speciality Rooms with Baths) **STEPHANIE HOTEL** **BADEN-BADEN** (Lichenthal Avenue, opposite Kurpark Theatre) **HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE** **BADEN-BADEN** (Large Park. 1st-class. Late the Duchess of Hamilton's) **HOLLAND HOTEL** **BERGEN** (Norway) **POMMERENK'S HOTEL** **NORGE** (Situated at Foot of Mountains Adjoining Park and Lakes. Electric Light throughout. Central Heating) **BRUSSELS** (Comfortable. Moderate) **L'UNIVERS ET DE SUEDE HOTEL** **BRUSSELS** (Near Park, Palace, Museums) **HOTEL GRAND BRITANNIQUE** **DIEPPE** (Facing Sea. Electric Light. Lift. G. Ducoudré) **GRAND HOTEL** **DRESDEN** (Unique Position on the Elbe) **BELLE VUE HOTEL** **DRESDEN** (1st-cl. Family Hotel. Lift. Electric Light) **BRISTOL HOTEL** **DRESDEN** (Hotel de Luxe of Saxony. Suites with Baths) **SAVOY HOTEL** **FRANKFORT** (New 1st-class House Opposite Station) **SAVOY HOTEL** **GENEVA** (Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Moderate Terms) **RICHMOND FAMILY HOTEL** **GOSSENSASS** (1st-cl. Favourite Health Resort. Alt. 3,600 ft.) **GROENER HOTEL** **GOETENBURG** **EGGERS HOTEL** (Electric Light. Lift. 100 Rooms) **GOETENBURG, HOTEL ARKADEN** (Newly opened. Modern. Luxurious) **INNSBRUCK** (Write for Pamphlet. Open all the year round) **TYROL HOTEL** **INNSBRUCK** (Opp. Station. Elec. Lt. Cent. Heating. Mod. terms) **HOTEL GOLDEN SUN** **INNSBRUCK** (Open all year. Electric Light. Lift. Mod. Terms) **HOTEL KREIDL** **INTERLAKEN** (Unrivalled for Comfort) **HOTEL VICTORIA** (Beautifully Situated) **HOTEL JUNGFRAU** **KISSINGEN** (Only Hotel with Mineral Baths in House) **KURHAUS HOTEL** **LAUSANNE** (Write for Tariff. Unique Position) **GRAND HOTEL RICHMOND** **LUCERNE** (Fam. House. Mod. Terms. Same house, Eden Hotel, Rome) **EDEN HOUSE** **MEIRINGEN** (First-class House. Elevated Position) **HOTEL DU SAUVAGE** **MOLDE** (Norway). **GRAND HOTEL** (Facing Mountain and Fjord) **MONTREUX** (Magnificent Situation. Moderate Terms) **HOTEL CHATEAU BEI MONT** **MONTREUX** (Highly Recommended. Steam Heat) **CONTINENTAL HOTEL** **MUNICH** (First-class. Unique Position) **HOTEL CONTINENTAL** **MUNICH** (First-class. Newly Rebuilt) **HOTEL BAYREISCHERHOF** **NEUHAUSEN** (Veranda Faces Rhine Falls. Grand Summer Resort. 200 Rooms. Refitted with 1st-class Comforts for Stay. Electric Light. Lift) **SCHWEIZERHOF HOTEL** **OSTEND** (Leading English and American House. On Beach. 400 Beds) **"SPLENDID" HOTEL** **PARIS (ENGLISH PROP.)** (Near Exhibition, Avenue d'Iena, Champs Elysees) **HOTEL D'ENA RIVA** (Lake Garda. S. Tyrol. First-class House. Open August 1900) **PALACE HOTEL LIDO** **ST. MORITZ** (Best Known House. Patronised by English and Americans) **KULM HOTEL** **ST. MORITZ** (C. Badrutt, Proprietor) **THE PALACE HOTEL** **STOCKHOLM** **GRAND HOTEL** (Most Magnificent Hotel in Scandinavia) **VIENNA** (Patronised by English and Americans) **HOTEL METROPOLE** **WIESBADEN** (1st-cl. Recently opened. Every Modern Comfort) **METROPOLE HOTEL** **WIESBADEN** (1st-cl. Near Station and Kursaal) **VICTORIA HOTEL AND BATHS** **WILDBAD** (The English and American House. Home Comforts) **BELLEVUE HOTEL** **ZURICH** (Near Post. Enlarged and Renovated. Lift. Electric Light) **BAUREN VILLE HOTEL**



RANELAGH IN SEASON: SKETCHES IN THE GROUNDS

Ranelagh in Season

Most of the people who fill Ranelagh during the season are now speeding on their way to Cowes, to Scotland, to Trouville, to Ostend, to all the pleasant places where the roar of London cannot reach them and the vulgar cannot follow. The holiday people perhaps, remember the rush of July, the sultry nights when London seemed like a saucepan from which someone had neglected to take the lid; and, perhaps, they remember the Saturdays and Sundays when they got out of town with a gasp of relief, or drove down to Ranelagh. In their minds Ranelagh is associated with the polo matches on the Saturday afternoons, with bicycle gymkhanas on the lawns, with driving competitions along the avenue of beeches, or of late with the curious acrobatics of motor-cars and the strange contrasts which they afford to the eyes of gaily-dressed onlookers. They call to mind the pleasant drive down on that July afternoon, and the long double line of carriages rolling along the King's Road in almost as unbroken a queue as the carriages at Covent Garden on a De Rezé night. Some of the carriages turn off to the left by Hurlingham but the others go on towards Putney, cross the bridge and wheel sharply up the road behind the boathouses. Then suddenly the carriages enter a big gate by a white lodge, flash up a leafy lane, with sunshine dappling the road below, and in a moment they are out of London. It is a transformation about as sudden and complete as that which Aladdin experienced when he pulled up the iron ring in the sand and stepped down through the opening into the green underworld. Outside the gates is the untidy looking suburb. Inside, and shut in closely by trees, is a beautifully kept park, with smooth lawns, and a lake, shaded and cool, and an old Georgian mansion gleaming red under the cedars. In Putney there are the omnibuses and the Saturday afternoon crowd and noise and dust; inside Ranelagh is a cool, idle throng, whose chief

mission in life appears to be to wear pretty dresses or to pay for them. There is movement as well as colour. By the avenue of trees there is a crowd which since then has been lifted bodily to the lawn at Goodwood—and since dispersed. They are watching with friendly interest some jumping competitions, and are even standing on the chairs in their eagerness to see friends come to grief at the water jump. Nearer to the river, with a quarter of a mile of parasols marking the line of spectators, is the polo match, with its clever, jostling ponies, the quick thud of their flying hoofs, and the sharp click of the polo stick as the ball, fairly hit, flies towards one or other goal with the racing players behind it. And then, as the day fades, and the faint stars come out overhead, there is the comfortable dinner in the long dining-rooms, the red candle shades and the flowers, the Japanese lanterns swinging outside, and coffee and music on the dim lawns. Lastly, the pack of carriages slowly diminishing and the drive home, through Saturday night streets, with the flaming naphtha lamps and the shouting vendors of the barrows.

New Novels

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE"

ELLEN GLASGOW'S "The Voice of the People" (William Heinemann) is exceptionally well worth reading, and this from every point of view, notwithstanding that it comes perilously near to being a novel with a purpose, or at any rate with a premeditated lesson. Nicholas Burr enters the novel as the child of a "poor white," vaguely and hopelessly failing to make both ends meet in a dead Virginian village—a singular picture, obviously studied from the life, of a place which, well after the Civil War, still lived upon the distinction of having possessed a Royal charter in the old

Colonial days, shuddered at the thought of a threatened railway, and retained the social and mental atmosphere of the generation of Washington. Nick Burr—like many another lad—rose above his surroundings by native force of mind, body and will. But his was no ordinary ambition. Remote from all contemporary influences and ideas, he had saturated himself with the careers and orations of the patriots and statesmen of the War of Independence, had identified their sound with their substance, and had determined that he, too, would be a politician as the noblest vocation for the best and greatest of men. He was bound to make his mark, despite every imaginable obstacle—poverty, the burden of his helpless home, an incapacity for making friends only equalled by his capacity for losing them, and a love affair which left all the better part of life empty for ever. While still young he finds himself, as "Honest Nick Burr," elected by the voice of the people to be Governor of Virginia. Unfortunately his honesty was not electioneering claptrap but the real thing, and he found practical statesmanship an entirely different affair from the theories he had evolved from the biography of Jefferson. In due course he discovered that the popular vote had been manipulated by those who procured his election for their own ends, and that, when he refused to serve these, the same voice was as easily prompted to shout him down. The conclusion is the tragedy of one who is greatly out of his place and time. We must content ourselves with a mere reference to his broken love romance as being as full of charm in its growth as of pathos in its end without an end, and to the varied portraiture of unfamiliar types—including that of the newly-freed negro—as giving the work a distinction of its own. "The Voice of the People" is a novel that cannot be read without being permanently remembered.

"THE THORN BIT"

The title of Dorothea Conyers's novel (Hutchinson and Co.) is explained by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's lines:

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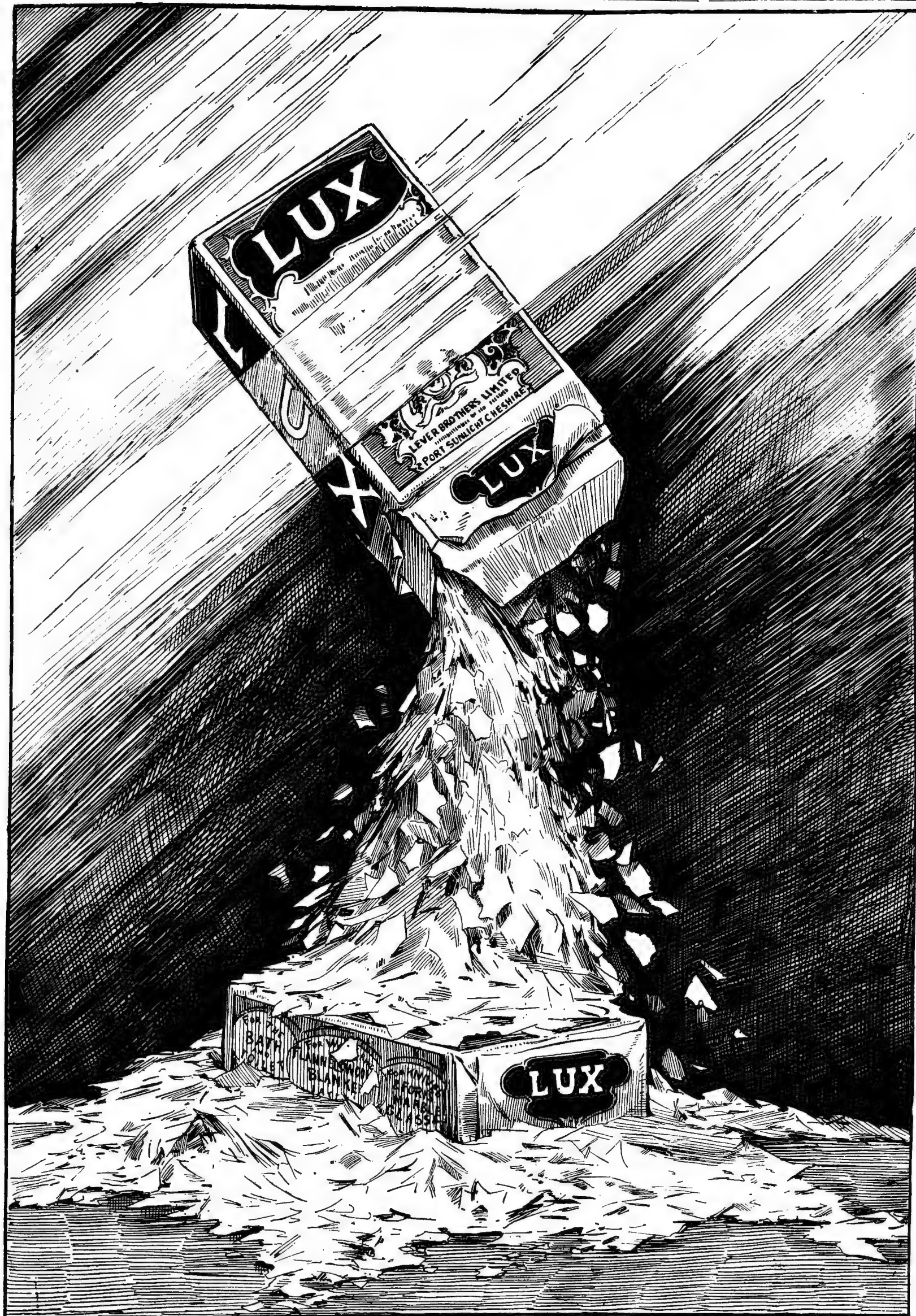
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LUX is a new and original speciality for Laundry, Kitchen, Bath-room, and Toilet, and is sure to become immensely popular with all classes.

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn bit of marriage.

For the rest the motto has but little application to a couple who married to satisfy the terms of a crazy will; the bride, who never meant to forfeit the freedom of singleness, leaving her husband and vanishing nobody knew where on the evening of the wedding day. The courtship did not begin till the two casually met one another as supposed strangers; the real marriage, which promises to be an exceedingly happy one, not till the end of the novel. The story, which is certainly improbable enough, is told pleasantly and straightforwardly, with a strong element of sport, and of the amusing portraiture which one has a right to expect in an Irish novel.

"CAGED"

That very black business has been done under the shelter of the lunacy laws every novel reader is perfectly aware. The great case of *Hardy v. Hardy* (see Charles Reade's reports, under title "Very Hard Cash") has but a special prominence among many. But we will venture to say that none has ever approached, in villainy of purpose or atrocity of detail, the incarceration of Miss Kate Milborne in the year 1863, as narrated in "Caged: the Romance of a Lunatic Asylum," by Headon Hill (Ward, Lock and Co.). Its romance is intensified by its connection with one of those wonderful Indian diamonds equally familiar to the experienced novel reader, and by the heroine's sensational rescue by such a much less familiar hero as a reformed professional burglar. The complication of the plot, with its swarm of villains of every degree, is of the sort commonly known as "breathless," and should suffice for the carving out of half a dozen melodramas. While too transparently unreal and too full of foregone conclusions to be deeply interesting, the novel is quite a good specimen of its boldly drawn and highly coloured kind.

"FOR BRITAIN'S SOLDIERS"

A collection of stories of which the profits of the publisher and of his fifteen authors are to be given to the war fund, while the booksellers are invited to take the same course with theirs, would, in the natural course of things, call for the merest announcement of its excellent purpose so as to help its sale. When, however, the fifteen authors combined in the production of a single volume are of the calibre of Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Crockett, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. B. M. Croker, Mr. Hornung, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. W. L. Alden, Mr. Percy White, and Mr. Walter Wood, the occasion cannot be called ordinary. Such a volume is "For Britain's Soldiers" (Methuen and Co.), and it will be strange if such a list of names should fail in attracting substantial aid to the fund. The liberality of those who write and sell will, doubtless, be imitated by those who read and buy.

"THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF EBENEZER LOBB"

Mr. Allen Upward presumably intends "The Wonderful Career

of Ebenezer Lobb" (Hurst and Blackett) for the mild chaffing of autobiographers—which is to say of nearly everybody over fifty; and of the current tendency to regard everything as great that is not infinitesimally small. Mr. Lobb is a "megalomaniac"—a nobody who is carried by an insane sense of self-importance into situations of ridiculous extravagance that occasionally succeed in being amusing. It is the very lightest of light reading, so exceedingly light as to suggest now and again the meeting of extremes.

"A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY"

Mr. John Oxenham, whose first story, if one remembers rightly,

ingenious plot which holds the reader in strained attention. The story is illustrated by Frances Ewan. ("A Princess of Vascovy," By John Oxenham. S. H. Bousfield and Co.).

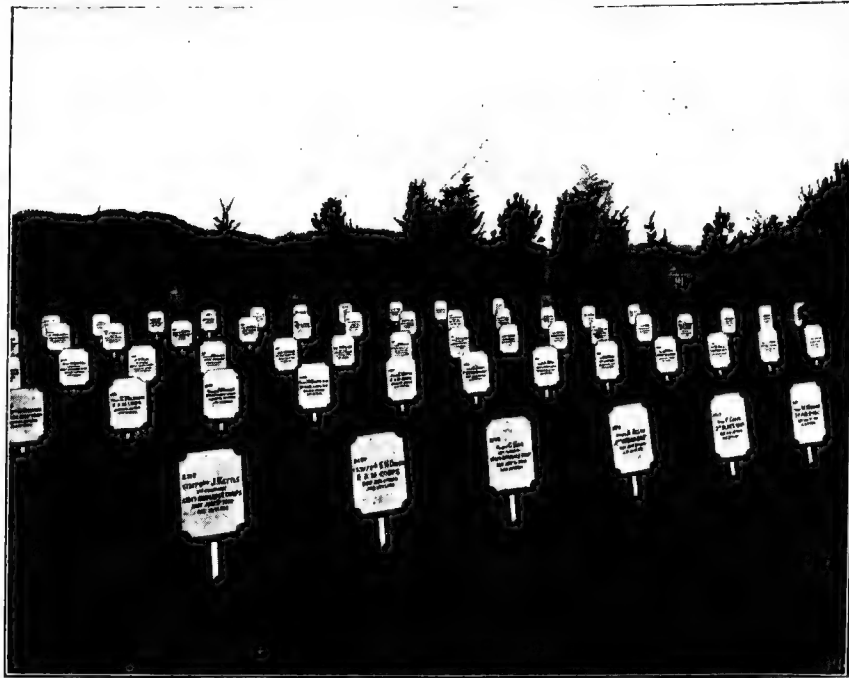
The Enteric Epidemic

"THE photograph I send you," writes our Special Correspondent, Mr. Reinhold Thiele, "represents a portion of the great number of graves of soldiers who succumbed to enteric fever at De Aar. This mode of burial stands in strong contrast to that practised at Bloemfontein, where the enormous number of fatal cases, which on one occasion reached seventy-one, and on another sixty-three in one day, had for the most part to be buried in trenches. During the worst period of this epidemic, when about 8,000 cases were being treated at Bloemfontein, the average number of deaths amounted to twenty-two per day. Coffins could only be procured in few cases and in these it was generally by subscription. To the untiring work and devotion of the scantily represented Medical Staff and nurses we may safely ascribe the fact that the death-rate did not reach far greater proportions. Everything that human mind and energy could devise to accomplish has been done by the officers, men and nurses attached to the different hospitals, although the want of supplies of medical comforts and even appliances has sometimes driven them to the verge of despair. During my detention at the New St. Andrew's College Hospital, I learned that for fully one month we had been provided with almost everything—even medicines—by the Red Cross Society and other hospitals, while the Government supplies could not be relied on. The medical officer in charge, a Major Hallaran, showed his devotion to his duties by personally going the round every morning in his mule-trap and collecting—aye begging!—provisions and medical comforts for those under his care, and seemed to find his greatest reward in the success of his mission.

"The inhabitants of Bloemfontein also kindly came to his aid by supplying eggs, milk, and other sundries, without which our lot would have been a very hard one. The P.M.O. used to pay his daily

visit of inspection, and with his kind inquiries after our health progress did his utmost to add to our comforts, and any suggestion to improve our condition always found a willing ear. The recent criticisms which have been levelled at the working of our Field and Base Hospitals will hardly tend to encourage the men who, for their sacrifices and devotion to duty, instead of the usually scant acknowledgment, only find that they are blamed for defects which are due to circumstances beyond their immediate control."

We have received from the British and Foreign Blind Association copies of raised maps of South Africa and Ireland for the use of the blind.



GRAVEYARD AT DE AAR WHERE MANY VICTIMS OF THE EPIDEMIC WERE BURIED
THE RAVAGES OF ENTERIC IN SOUTH AFRICA
From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

appeared in *The Graphic*, has now joined the ranks of those who write romances of statecraft and intrigue, and in "A Princess of Vascovy" has shown that he has nothing to learn in the art of providing capital fare. The Princess, a girl brought up in England, is the daughter of a man who has laid aside princely cares, but fortune wills that she shall wander by devious ways from England through South America, to a German principality, marrying *en route*, there to fight for her own honour and for the inheritance of her little son. The story is full of incident, and yet the merely adventurous part never swamps the character drawing. From first to last one is keenly interested in the sympathetically drawn girl who is woman first and Princess afterwards, and the abduction of her little son by his enemies is an

THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION-CHANGE!!

'Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree, or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it would pass away.—Moore.

SOMETHING APPALLING!

MALARIAL FEVER!

'WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE!

SHE KILLS, AND KILLS, AND IS NEVER

TIRED OF KILLING, TILL SHE HAS

TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON

HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN—THAT

NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY

OBEYING HER.

MAN HAS HIS COURTESIES IN

REVOLUTION AND WAR.

HE SPARES THE WOMAN AND CHILD.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL AND POPPY, ABOUT 450 B.C.

The Head of Plato is from an Ancient Marble Bust, discovered in Greece, now in the Museum at Rome.

BUT NATURE IS FIERCE WHEN SHE OFFENDED.

SHE SPARES NEITHER WOMAN nor CHILD.

SHE HAS NO PITY, FOR SOME AWFUL

BUT MOST GOOD REASON.—Kingsley.

'FOUR MILLION PERSONS DIE

ANNUALLY OF FEVER, PRINCIPALLY

MALARIAL, IN BRITISH INDIA ALONE.
and if we take into consideration the numerous dependencies situated in such

UNLOVABLE PLACES AS

THE GOLD COAST, THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, NEW GUINEA, BRITISH

GUIANA, HONDURAS, AND THE WEST

INDIES, THE TOTAL POPULATION

STRUCK DOWN YEAR BY YEAR BY

MORE OR LESS PREVENTABLE FEVER

MUST BE

SOMETHING APPALLING!—Observer.

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as aforesaid acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer, E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.

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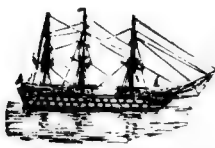
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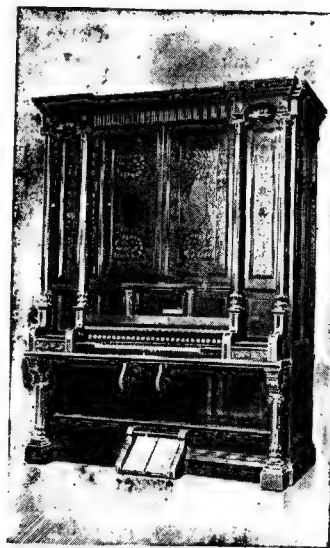
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE wettest August Bank Holiday of recent years was prefaced by a fine-weather prophecy, and it is therefore no wonder that the prophecy of the continuation of the present fine spell is now received with incredulity. Nevertheless, the hot, fine weather in the United States should, with steady westerly currents, reach us in due course, and if westerly influences are overbalanced by easterly then, though less genial, it should at least be dry. It may as a rule be said that we get the best weather in Great Britain when there is fine weather to the west of us. The absence of weather telegrams from the Azores is much to be regretted, but a still better course would be to establish a station ship 300 miles due west of Valentia. The interruption to the harvest has been serious and the crops are badly knocked about. The northerly winds which swept over the country from the 1st to the 6th at different intervals, and which were alternated with south-westerly gales, produced between the rival wind-gods a twisting as well as a lodging of the corn. It is probable that an extra hundred thousand pounds will have to be expended on harvesting as the result of these five stormy days. Machinery cannot deal with grain when it is much knocked about. Whether the country is the loser to the extent of this 100,000*l.* we must leave economists to determine. The farmer loses it, the labourer gains it. This would seem to leave the equation equal! But then the machinery stands idle for want of hirers, and the "engineer" who works the machinery receives at most a "retaining fee." The extent of damage inflicted on the crops themselves is very hard to calculate, but that the wheat and barley have both suffered severely admits of little doubt. Oats have often benefited, for they were late in growth and stood in urgent need of the moisture which they have now obtained.

HARVEST LABOUR

The Government have freely allowed soldiers to work at the harvest, and a large number of men have been glad to take to these extra earnings in the open. The districts round Aldershot, Dorchester and Colchester have particularly benefited. In Cheshire and Lancashire, on the other hand, there has been a most peculiar stampede of Irish labourers. Over two thousand men are stated to have come over, started work and then returned, about half of them without giving notice to the unfortunate farmers by whom they were hired. Reasons given in the local Press seem absolutely inadequate, and, probably, the truth will never be known. Meanwhile the result is very bad, for the farmer is a man of the most tenacious memory, and every agriculturist to whom this has happened will hesitate to employ Irish labour in the future. The number of London "hands" who have gone down into the counties for harvest is not large. Work in town is plentiful, wages are high, and the strange class which "goes hopping" never stirs before September.

CROP ESTIMATES

The wheat crop this year is stated to be of the best promise in Cheshire, Cumberland, Derby, Devon, Middlesex, Northumberland, Stafford, Westmorland, and Scotland. There seems no reason why Middlesex should have fared better than its neighbours, but in

the north a large area of favoured wheat land appears clearly to be indicated. Barley reports are notably best from Cheshire, Cumberland, Derby, Devon, Durham, Huntingdon, Lancashire, Northumberland, Suffolk, Westmoreland, and Scotland. Here again the north scores. The good outlook in the great barley county of Suffolk is particularly encouraging. Oats promise best in Ireland, Scotland, Durham, and Cumberland. Beans are reckoned a better crop than last year, so are peas. The root crops, if we have a hot six weeks from now to the latter part of September, will be "a record," for the August rains, after the hot July, have plumped them out, and now the need is of solidifying and sweetening heat and dry weather. Potatoes show signs of disease in Ireland, but should still be the best crop since 1896 in the chief English counties. Hops, we are sorry to say, have gone off even from their poor promise at the end of July. They will be quite 25 per cent. under average.

THE ORCHARDS

"Please the pigs!" is a country saying as mysterious as it is vulgar, in both senses of the latter word. Whatever the utterers of it ordinarily mean, it has sad significance at the present instant to every owner of an orchard, nay, of so much as a single fruit tree. The high winds which prevailed from August 1 to 10, off and on, all over the United Kingdom, have brought down the half-ripened pears, plums, and apples by millions, and caused a loss of human food assuredly pleasing nowhere except in the pigstye, whither the fallen and unfit fruit inevitably goes. The fruit crop promised at the end of July to be the best for many years. At the end of September it appears only too certain that a very ordinary crop will now be reported. Of course this does not include bush fruit and cherries already secured. The damsons and other late sorts of fruit have suffered least, the early varieties of plums, green-gages, and apples worst, from the August gales.

THE GARDEN

Although the recent high winds knocked the flowers about a

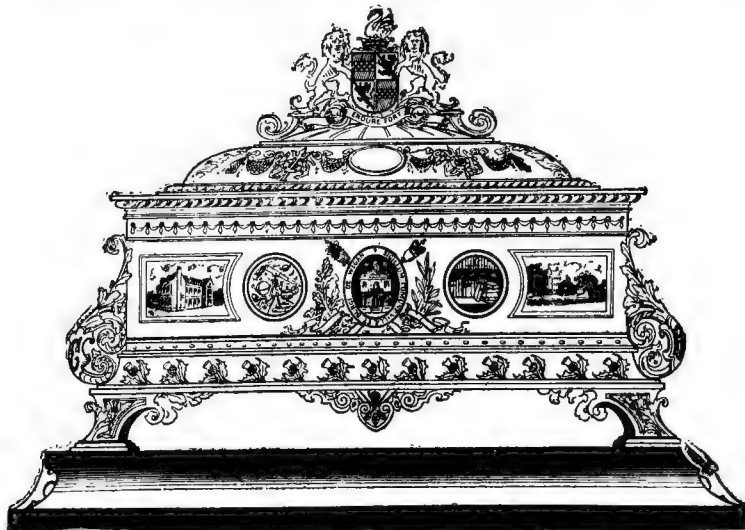
good bit, the invigorating effect of the rains has been great, and after the extremely trying July has given new life to many delicate plants that were almost withered at the end of the last month. The August night temperature has been a trifle too low, but on the whole the garden is looking well. It is a great year for passion flowers and for the purple clematis, for petunias and tobacco plants, for zinnias and early dahlias. The *lilium auratum* makes a magnificent show, and as this splendid lily is hardier than many cheaper sorts, it should come to be more and more grown. The rains, by thoroughly washing the leaves of the forest trees, have given them new life and vigour, so that if we have a calm October we may hope to see them keep their foliage very late into the autumn. The coreopsis is a flower growing in favour; new and handsome varieties come to the front year after year. We are sorry to hear that in Ireland the weather, since the end of July, has been persistently sunless; in England there have been numerous bright intervals.

THE MEADOWS

The farmer who at the end of the "prayer for fair weather" was heard to ejaculate "How about my turnips?" has his rival in the farmer who owns nothing but pasture meadows. This happy being is now smiling, and in truth the pastures are a wonderful contrast to an ordinary August. There is not the rank growth of such "awful summers" as 1860, 1879, or 1888, for July was one of the loveliest months on record. But the excellent rainfall of June was followed by four consecutive weeks' sunshine, and those weeks by half their number of wet weeks, and this combination is simply ideal for the meadows, which show a rich level green growth not too high or in any way rank, but thoroughly wholesome and succulent. Both cricket fields and lawn-tennis grounds have similarly been renewed and, as it were, rejuvenated, and with good luck September should be a month of splendid "pitches" and perfect lawns. The abundance of green keep is of great aid to owners of cattle, sheep, and horses, and should have an influence on the price of meat, causing some abatement in the butcher's bill, which is now higher than it has been for years.

Presentation to the Earl of Crawford

THE Earl of Crawford, who has just been presented with the freedom of Wigan in recognition of his gifts and services to the town, received with his scroll of freemanship a handsome solid silver casket heavily gilt. The casket is oblong in shape, each corner being supported by large scrolls and acanthus ornaments, each bearing a shield with the initials "C" and "B" alternating. In the centre of the obverse appears the full Arms of the Borough, and on either side bibliographical and scientific emblems, while at the ends are two enamelled panels of the Wigan Public Library and Haigh Hall, the earl's residence. On the reverse is the inscription recording the presentation, with emblems illustrating the industries of electricity, coal, iron and cotton. The domed lid is decorated in repoussé, and is surmounted with the full Arms and Motto of the Earl of Crawford. The casket was designed and executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, Manchester.



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Notices in a Nutshell

MR. BARRY PAIN'S "Eliza" (S. H. Bousfield and Co.) is the matter-of-fact but quaintly humorous chronicle of life in a suburban villa. Eliza is in every way the better half of a commonplace egotistical little clerk, who stands out before one in all the glory of his smug suburban respectability and harmless weaknesses as vividly and faithfully as if he had been photographed in his little villa. One of his worst failings is his habit of chronicling these failings in the form of a diary, but his sublime unconsciousness of his own absurdities makes one at first sorry and then forgiving. It is all very slight but neat and finished humour, and quite the book for a holiday hour.

THREE MEN ON THE BUMMEL, by Jerome K. Jerome, (Arrowsmith). Mr. Jerome's newest book is also designed to take away on a holiday. It is light, amusing, and discursive. It is not about anything in particular, but is full of quaint stories and of that particular kind of humour at the making of which its author is an adept. Mr. Jerome is good enough to explain the title which has puzzled the many, so it need not be explained here, but those who read the book in quest of this explanation should not miss a very funny chapter descriptive of an attempt to carry on conversation with shopkeepers on the lines laid down in conversational manuals.

THE KENDALS, by T. Edgar Pemberton (C. Arthur Pearson), is one of those theatrical biographies which are now a trifle too common. To regular playgoers there is a certain interest

attaching to lives such as this, which mainly consists of records of performances and the impressions they created, plentifully interspersed with character photographs, but there is very little excuse for writing biographies of living people, so impossible is it to get the perspective right, and when actors and actresses are the subjects the offence is usually aggravated.

A BOOK OF DARTMOOR, by S. Baring-Gould (Methuen and Co.). "The plan I have adopted in this gossiping volume," says the writer, "is to give a general idea of the moor and of its antiquities—the latter as interpreted by up-to-date archaeologists—and then to suggest rambles made from certain stations on the fringe, or in the heart of, the region. . . . I have wandered over Europe, have rambled to Iceland, climbed the Alps, been for some years lodged among the marshes of Essex—yet nothing that I have seen has quenched in me the longing after the fresh air, and love of the wild scenery of Dartmoor. 'After all said,' observed my uncle to me one day, when my father had dilated on the glories of the Pyrenees, 'Dartmoor is, to itself and to me, a passion.'" Those who know Dartmoor have felt in some degree this fascination: those who do not know it have only to dip into this book and they will feel it at once.

PARIS OF THE PARISIANS, by J. F. Macdonald (Grant Richards), consists in part of papers reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, but the chapters were well worth reprinting, as, indeed, the whole book is worth reading. It is the work of a man who knows Paris and the Parisians intimately, who can write about both in the most interesting manner, and who combines a broad, sane point of view

with a sympathetic insight which should go far towards bringing about a better understanding between two races who have everything to gain by friendship—everything to lose by misunderstanding one another.

SEVEN GARDENS AND A PALACE, by "E. V. B." (John Lane), is a series of reprinted essays on beautiful gardens, beginning with Dropmore and Huntercombe and ending with Hampton Court Palace. "E. V. B." is a past-master of graceful descriptive writing, and if one thing more than another could make one envy those whose lives are cast in pleasant gardens it would be this book, with its old-world aroma, pretty illustrations, and the glorious pictures which it conjures up.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, by G. E. Troutbeck (Methuen and Co.) is not intended to supersede existent and more elaborate books, but within its miniature covers it contains a vast amount of interesting information, and one could imagine no more attractive and convenient pocket guide. It is well illustrated, most attractively got up, and in every way calculated to add to the pleasures of a visit to the Abbey, and to stimulate the reader's interest.

OLD ENGLISH CHURCHES, by George Clinch, F.G.S. (L. Upcott Gill), is a handy architectural manual which will be found a very pleasant companion by those whose holiday rambles lead them to inspect the churches in the places they visit. It is fully and well illustrated, and a glance through recalls much that one has seen and enjoyed, and also makes one realise how much one has missed seeing even in places visited.

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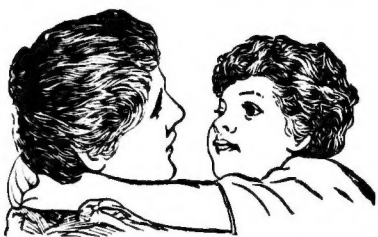
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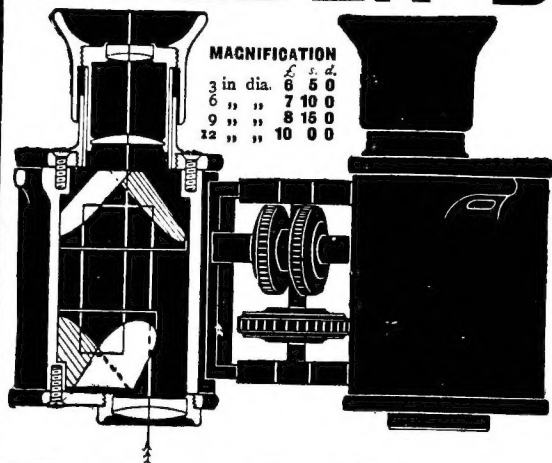
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